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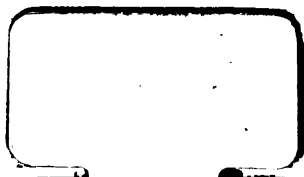
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THE  
STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY  
LORD WILLIAM LENNOX,

AUTHOR OF  
"COMPTON AUDLEY," "WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE,"  
"PHILIP COURTENAY," &c.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Der var en Tid, da jeg, var meget lille.”

“There was a time, when I was very tiny,  
My dwarfish form had scarce an ell's length won;  
Oft when I think thereon, fall tear-drops briny,  
And yet I think full many a time thereon.  
Then I upon my mother's bosom toy'd me,  
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;  
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more annoy'd me,  
Than ancient Greek, or modern minstrelsy.”

DANISH BALLAD.—*For. Quar. Rev.*, No. XI.

THE year 1809 was one of unusual interest, and the chronicler of that memorable period, records events both domestic and foreign, which scarcely can be equalled, even in more modern



and spirit stirring times. A rapid sketch, of a few of the most prominent, will at once justify the truth of the above observation. Let me then entreat the reader not for a moment to imagine, that an allusion to this *annus mirabilis* is without a motive, for after giving a brief summary of its principal occurrences at home and abroad, I shall relate a circumstance of vital and momentous importance, upon which the following pages are founded, and without which, much that I trust will prove amusing, would not have found its way to the public. Proceed we then to refer to those topics, which occupied the thoughts and attention of the world in bygone days.

Among the domestic events may be mentioned Colonel Wardle's motion, in the House of Commons, relating to the Duke of York, the debate on the evidence against the Commander-in-Chief, the resignation of His Royal Highness, and the voice of the nation declared in strong and unequivocal language. The discussions in Parliament on the Convention of Cintra, which set Junot's army free after the defeat it had sus-

tained at Vimeira—on the conduct of the war in Spain—on the abuse of patronage—on the charges against certain ministers, for a venal disposal of high offices—on Curwen's bill for the prevention of the sale of seats in Parliament, and on Wardle's motion respecting the expenditure of the nation. The duel between Castlereagh and Canning—the Jubilee on the occasion of a British monarch's entrance into the fiftieth year of his reign, an event which had only occurred twice before in the history of this country—the conflagration of Drury Lane Theatre—the herculean pedestrian task of Barclay of Ure, who walked one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours—the celebrated O. P. disturbance on the opening of Covent Garden Theatre, which, Phoenix like, had risen from its ashes within ten months of the laying of the foundation stone—the appearance of a mermaid on the coast of Caithness, according to the testimony of Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend David Mackay, and her cousin Miss C. Mackenser—the death of the celebrated Daniel Lambert, who weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds, with

numerous other ordinary events—marriages—elopements—duels—murders—and highway robberies.

If from domestic we turn our attention to foreign politics, we find the disaster at Corunna—the death of Sir John Moore, where judgment, skill, and devotion to his profession were only surpassed by his unconquerable valour—the expeditions to Spain and Portugal—the correspondence with the French and Russian governments relative to the overtures of peace with England—the letters of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Emperor of Russia from Erfurth—the dignified, open, yet somewhat sarcastic reply of Canning—the proposed dismemberment of Turkey, by the Emperor of the French\*—the brilliant and gallant achievements of Cochrane in Aix roads—his

\* How strange to compare the declaration of the first Napoleon—"I will protect the Porte, if the Porte withdraw herself from the fatal influence of England. I shall know how to punish her, if she suffer herself to be governed by cunning and perfidious counsels,"—with the deeds of the present ruler of France.

humanity to the vanquished, his noble conduct towards a captain of a French seventy-four—his goodness in rescuing many of the crew, and even a favourite dog from the burning 'Ville de Varsovie.'

The daring exploits of our gun-boats in the Baltic, under the brave and lamented Hardy—the destruction of the ships and transports sent to the relief of Barcelona by Collingwood's fleet—the success of British arms in the West Indies—the taking of Martinique, Cayenne, and Saint Domingo—the unsuccessful attempt to invade the South of Italy, and to capture the city of Naples, under Sir John Stewart—the ill-judged and shamefully conducted expedition to the Scheldt, and its lamentable failure, attributable alike to the culpability of ministers in selecting the Earl of Chatham as commander of the land forces—to their indecision in allowing the troops to remain in the pestilential autumnal climate of that grave of many a brave heart, Walcheren; and to the utter incapacity of the indolent and hesitating chief, who wasted the blood of our soldiers, tarnished the honour of our arms, and, with a force of nearly 50,000

men at his disposal, failed in achieving any conquest of real benefit to his country, or of permanent injury to the enemy—the war between Austria and France—where, after tottering on the very verge of destruction, Bonaparte, at length, by superior skill and resources, completely triumphed. The distinguished conduct of the Archduke Charles—the battle of Wagram—the restoration of peace between those countries—the bravery and success of the Tyrolese—the capture and infamous execution of their gallant leader Hofer—the dissolution of the marriage between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine.

We have now enumerated many of the events which occurred during a period of twelve months ; there is one, however, to be recorded, which although last is not least in our estimation ; the scene where it took place, was the then exclusively fashionable watering-place Brighton, or Brighthelmstone, as it was universally written. What a contrast could be drawn between this favoured marine residence in 1809 and 1857. In the former year, the Pavillion was the resi-

dence of royalty, where the Prince of Wales held a court worthy of the Assyrian King, Sardanapalus. Nothing could exceed the luxury of the epicurean feasts—the brilliancy of the fêtes—the splendour of the scene, which seemed to vie with those pageants so graphically described in the Arabian Night's Entertainments. Surrounded by the beauties and *bon vivants* of the day, this modern Prince Hal seemed to combine the “unyok'd humour” of that “sweet wag,” with the licentious deeds of the “Merry Monarch.”

How different is Brighton at the present moment, the Pavillion stripped of its gorgeous but fanciful furniture, has now degenerated into a public building—the scene of flower-shows, and cheap promenade concerts. The plaudits which resounded through the music rooms at the exquisite performance of the Prince's splendid private band—the applause which greeted the royal amateur, as he executed one of Handel's choicest compositions are heard no more. The voice of the Reverend Edward Cannon, Hook's ‘Dean of Patcham,’ singing

some pathetic ballad is mute, and his answer to the heir to the throne, that His Royal Highness only played "tolerably well" is forgotten; albeit such remark was the cause of his never being again asked within the courtly precincts; had he followed the system of Canute's sycophants, the result would have been different. The dining-room which once echoed to the merriment of the choicest spirits of the age, Fox, Selwyn, and Sheridan, whose brilliant sallies of wit and humour set the table in a roar, is now a "banquet hall deserted;" the practical jokes against the good-hearted sailor, Nagle, are remembered no more. The Steyne, formerly the fashionable promenade, the focus of attraction, is now thronged with nursery-maids, children, and sixpenny excursionists.

Donaldson's library has been converted into a mercer's shop, and lace and long cloth occupy the counters once devoted to loo and lotteries. The royal cortège has given way to flies and donkey carriages, and the statue of the Fourth George, alone reminds the passer by of the glories of that mighty magician, who, Aladin

like, raised a magnificent town from a small insignificant fishing village. Despite, however, of the absence of royalty, Brighton still flourishes; there is no spot in England more sought after than this popular watering-place, and the million are grateful that in little more than an hour, they can be transported from the dense foggy atmosphere of the metropolis to the invigorating air of the Sussex coast. To return to the date of our narrative.

The 10th Hussars—the favoured corps—with three “crack” regiments of Militia, under the command of one of the most popular general-officers in the service, formed the garrison. Racing, coursing, cricket and rackets, were the principal out-door amusements, while music, dancing, and theatrical entertainments, made the evenings pass away most agreeably. The “rising sun,” as the caricaturists termed the Prince, was a first-rate horseman, and supported every manly exercise; and those who only remember the Fourth George in his later days, or judge of him from the prints in his phaeton, would scarcely believe how active and graceful



he appeared at the time we write of, when mounted on his favourite horse, or, at an earlier period of his life, when decked out as a cricketer, at which game he was no mean proficient.

On one occasion, I remember, a match of this truly English game was to be played on the level between the military and civilians, and the deepest anxiety was excited as to the result. The Prince taking an especial interest in the gallant eleven, was as usual to provide a splendid dinner in a marquee pitched for the occasion, to which the competitors, with a chosen few of the *élite* of visitors, were invited. The morning arrived, and the heaviness of it foretold an impending storm; the pleasure-seekers, however, were not to be daunted by weather, and at an early hour (for the wickets were to be pitched at nine o'clock) a large concourse of people assembled at the spot marked out for the game. Every species of vehicle, from the proudly emblazoned family coach down to Farmer Broadbridge's humble taxed cart was assembled—there, might be seen the aristocratic peeress, in a huge weighty equipage, drawn by two

over-fed, pampered, panting animals, who would have had a good chance of gaining a prize in the present day at the annual Christmas cattle-show—there, might be observed a smart gallant hussar, driving a curricule with two splendid thorough-bred horses, conversing with another “fast” young man, who had drawn up by his side in a well-appointed tilbury—there, might be perceived some bright eyes beaming through the blinds of a closed landau;—“loose boxes” as the modern Broughams are facetiously called, not being then in prospective existence. The yellow barouche and four, with its two out-riders—the neat post-chaise and pair—the unpretending dennet, whose respective steeds were smoking with the heat of the dense atmosphere, and completely enveloped in dust, showed that the neighbouring gentry took an interest in the proceedings. One carriage above all others, seemed to attract universal attention; it was a handsome and faultless “turn out,” and the occupant of it was a lady of matchless beauty and noble mien, one who albeit prevented by the laws of man from becoming the consort

of the heir apparent to the throne, was as far as the rites of her own religion, as decency of demeanour, and undeviating devotion, his true, affectionate, and lawful wife. The Prince, during the day, was constant in his attentions to the object of his strongest and purest love, and one of the redeeming virtues of the fickle George, is the endearing intimacy which continued to exist between him and his early and faithful companion, even when the delirium of passion had subsided.

Among other visitors upon the above occasion was one, who will be more prominently brought forward in the course of this narrative. "I almost feared, my Lady," said the 'observed of all observers', "that we should have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you—family solicitude—Pembroke hinted as much—eh, eh, eh!" a blush followed this sally from royalty, when further conversation was put an end to by the storm bursting in torrents over the heads of the assembled multitude. The chroniclers of that day, thus record the tempest :—

"The 3rd of June was one of the most tem-

pestuous days ever remembered in Brighton. The number of mackerel boats, belonging to the place are twenty-two, twenty of which were unfortunately at sea. In the course of the morning, four of them, at great hazard and difficulty, ran on shore, and were preserved. An equal number were similarly successful at Lancing. At about two o'clock P.M., the boat of one John Priest, on board of which were his brother William, a son of the latter, and two men, was seen within a mile of the town, making every possible effort to gain the shore. Their endeavours, however, were not successful; a tremendous wave upset the boat, and all on board perished, within sight of hundreds of spectators on the cliff.

“The poor fellows, (as the boat did not immediately sink, but floated keel upwards,) were seen, soon after the accident, clinging on her bottom; but the waves were too turbulent and powerful to permit them long to remain there, and human assistance could afford them no relief. One of the crew, partly buoyed up by a bundle of nets which he grasped, appeared

within about twenty yards of the shore, and a very numerous body of fishermen, enlinked with ropes, that the sea might not sever the line they had formed, tried every possible means to save him; at times they were within a yard or two of their object, who occasionally clasped his hands together, as beseeching them to continue their exertions; the ill-fated victim, however, was not to be rescued from the devouring element, for the nets which had previously supported, in the end twined round him. The drowning man in the agonies of death, at the moment, had just strength left feebly to ejaculate, 'my heart is gone;' then clasping his hands together, and raising his eyes towards Heaven, he sank to rise no more. Three widows and eighteen children were left almost friendless by this dreadful catastrophe."

My mother, as has before been hinted, had been imprudent enough to attend the cricket match, and was on her way home to West Street, then a fashionable *locale*, when the cries of the drowning fisherman caught her ears, the result was a premature confinement,

and the hero of this story was ushered into life during one of the most violent storms that ever raged on the Sussex coast. For some days, it was thought that this atom of humanity would not survive, but the Faculty as they occasionally are, were mistaken, and the diminutive Arthur, as I had been named in honour of one of my godfather's, Sir Arthur Wellesley, continued to exist; "of all the puzzling riddles in the marriage state, there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this:—that from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it, and gives herself more airs upon that single inch, than all her other inches put together." So writes one who depicts human nature more graphically than any other writer of the day, and the truth of which remark was fully exemplified in my case. My mother's abigail, of whom more anon, strutted about as proud as any pea-hen, and talked in the plural number of the "bad time we have had." Mary "House" as she was called from

her avocation of housemaid, talked in the most inflated style of the 'young stranger,' while her attendants, with the still-room, kitchen, scullery, and dairy-maids, looked as if they had exchanged their titles of spinsters to those of matrons. From nursery records, which have been faithfully transmitted to me, it appears that neither my gastronomical or respiratory powers were impaired, for my whole time was occupied in feeding and screaming.

Who, except a mother, could have put up with my wayward temper, thus shown in earliest life? If there be a sight more touching than another—if there be a feeling which partakes of Divine attribute, it is the unselfish devotion of an English mother to her progeny ;

“All selfish feelings banished from her breast,  
Her life one aim to make another's blest.”

Who can describe the miserable days, the sleepless nights, that I caused this most tender parent, and when I take a retrospective view of my life, one of the deepest pangs I experience, is the remembrance of the ingratitude I too

often evinced towards one who would have sacrificed her existence for her darling child. Let the thoughtless jeer at this remark, but the day may come when the "still small voice" of conscience will arise in their breasts, as it has too often and too painfully been excited in mine. My old nurse Williams, from whom I have derived all the information respecting my babyhood, declares that at the end of eleven months, I was the most *fractionest* child ever known, that I constantly put myself into fits by screaming and passion, and that the neighbours, upon many occasions, thought that some murder was being perpetrated in our house. If my kind and indulgent mother had a weakness, it was the pride of ancestry; at a very early period of my life, she gave me a genealogical history of the family tree from the time which laid the Saxon power low, and gave the crown of England to the Norman William; "Your ancestor, Walter Pembroke," would my parent exultingly exclaim, "fought at the memorable Battle of Hastings, and formed one of that brave band of gallant knights who charged with the



Conqueror, when the hostile ranks were thrown into confusion by the fall of Harold, and decided the fate of the day," my mother was descended from a noble Scot, the brother in arms, the faithful friend and partisan of Wallace, and who, after the death of that hero, was rewarded by King Robert Bruce for his valuable services at Bannockburn. Pembroke Abbey situated in the midst of a fine park in the west of that county—celebrated according to old Isaac Walton, for Selsea cockle, Chichester lobster, Arundel mullet—Sussex—was founded by William I. and at the dissolution of monasteries came into the possession of my ancestors.

The present mansion was built in the reign of Henry VIII. and forms one of the finest specimens of the domestic architecture of the Tudor age, it is a brick-building, which from exposure to weather, had been mellowed down to a dark purple tint; it contains a splendid banquetting hall upwards of a hundred feet in length, and proportionally wide, with a magnificent groined oak roof, and here (according to an illuminated MS.) Her Majesty, Queen Eliza-

beth, "nature's glory," the "world's wonder," "fortune's Empress," was most royally entertained, when on her way to Chichester—a room in which the Virgin Queen was domiciliated still bears the name of the illustrious royal occupant; its walls are hung with the choicest specimens of Arras tapestry, representing Scriptural subjects, and the furniture of the quaintest forms, remains as it appeared in 1591. The parish church is situated about a hundred yards from the Abbey, and is a handsome Gothic building, containing some fine old monuments, among which may be seen the following inscription, upon the object of my mother's adulation.

"Neare unto this place lyeth the bodie of Walter Pembroke, who after he had married and lived ten years with Margaret, daughter of Nigel Huntingdon, deceased xx March, An<sup>no</sup> D<sup>ni</sup> 1077.

"Corporis hic tumulus tanti pars optima cœlu  
Possidet angelicis, undequi cincta choris."

Of my father, Sir William Pembroke, I have not yet spoken, although he merits every praise

at my hands. He was the ninth baronet, the first creation dating as far back as 1618—as a matter of course there were many legends connected with my ancestors, for where is the old family without them, but I leave these “myths” to those who will take the trouble to pore over ancient history.

Sir William was a Tory of the old school, a Church and State man, who denounced papists, was loyal to the back bone, and warmly defended the system of rotten boroughs; Old Sarum, Midhurst, Bletchingley, and Gatton, were the objects of his especial delight as they afforded seats for young men, who possessed (as he termed it,) a “stake in the hedge,” and of one of the above snug berths he had, through the kindness of a friend, availed himself of, representing the important interests of the last mentioned place, whose constituency, composed of the bailiff, gamekeeper, and gardener, could be conveyed to the poll in a hack chaise. My father had been the intimate friend of Pitt, and had often received pressing solicitation from that statesman to accept a

peerage, but he had pertinaciously refused, declaring that he preferred the honours that had descended to him from a noble line of ancestors, to being "pitchforked" into the House of Lords for political purposes. As a military man, he had served with distinction in Flanders, India, and the early part of the Peninsula campaign, he was present at the operations at Cateau, Tournay, Mouveaux, in the Low Countries, the storming of Seringapatam, capture of Ahmednugur, and Gawilghur, battles of Assaye, Argoum in the East, Roleia and Vimiera in Portugal. Towards the close of the latter action, he was severely wounded, and on his return home, was rewarded with the command of the Sussex district.

In private life, he fully realized Addison's description "there is no character more deservedly esteemed, than that of a country gentleman, who understands the station in which Heaven and nature have placed him—he is a father to his tenants, a patron to his neighbours; and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions; he justly

divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other ; his life is employed in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend."

As a sportsman, Sir William was second to none, he was a master of fox hounds, a patron of the turf for sport not lucre, and a strict preserver of game. Few men supported the manly old English games more than did my father ; he was a first rate cricketer, an excellent shot, a bold yet judicious rider in the hunting field, or on the race course, a tolerable good hand with the "gloves," a scientific tennis player, and one of the most active runners and leapers of the day. Bull baiting, dog, or cock fighting, bear baiting, and other cruel sports he abhorred, and although in former life he had supported the pugilistic ring, the numerous "crosses" that had taken place induced him to withdraw from pursuits which had degenerated into brutality and roguery.

It may shock the feelings of those, who in the present day, wish to deprive the humbler classes of their Sunday amusements, to hear

that my father encouraged cricket after the services of the day were over, as he considered a healthy manful game in the open air infinitely more conducive to their spiritual and temporal welfare than the polluted atmosphere of the tap-room, and thought that it was but fair that those who had toiled heavily throughout the week should have one day for that recreation the higher orders could so interruptedly enjoy. He wished to see the Sabbath passed in a pious not puritanical manner—not as a day of ascetic gloom, but one of grateful acknowledgment; he was opposed to legislative enactments for the better observance of the Holy Day, feeling that the “witness in the breast” of every one would produce its legitimate influence. He was an enemy to the cant and hypocrisy of those who preached one doctrine and practised another, who indulging in frivolity, controversies, and animosities, put on their religion, as they do their Sunday garb, and loudly censure those who with less profession and form, manifest the sincerity of their devotions, by the spontaneous offerings of a grateful heart. He could

not reconcile to his ideas, the monstrous anomaly that excludes the labourer or mechanic from innocent places of recreation, while it enables the wealthy to enjoy their rides, drives, clubs, boating, and dining.

Let us illustrate our case. A mechanic in humble life, or a drover, called to London on more "urgent private affairs" than brought many a warrior from the Crimea, or in the exercise of his duties, reaches the metropolis late on a Saturday night; houses of entertainment are closed upon him; and if, upon the following day, he enters a public-house during worship for a slight refreshment, a police report notices the circumstance. We object not so much to the system if it were universal; but it is partial. What then can be the feeling of the humble-minded countryman, who has suffered from the above stringent regulations, when he takes his walk through the West End on a Sunday? The first thing that strikes him, is the employment of many men and horses in watering the parks, that the olfactory senses of the higher classes may not suffer from the

visitation alluded to by the man in the farce, "Oh, ignoble thought, that a man's mouth should be turned into a dust-hole." He passes the clubs in Pall Mall, St. James's, or Regent Street, and Square, and there witnesses eating and drinking going on throughout the day: perchance, if he had the Asmodean power of looking through the walls, he would see a pool of billiards, or game of cards being played at one of these fashionable *réunions*. If he bends his steps to Grosvenor Place, crowds of carriages, phaetons, cabs, and riding horses, with some half dozen "cads," and race card vendors of both sexes, will tell him of business being carried on; if he enter Hyde Park, he will meet quantities of vehicles, a "drag" or two in readiness to convey their passengers to a white-bait or turtle feast at the Ship, or Trafalgar at Greenwich, aristocratic coaches, from the dowager's antiquated turn-out, to the neatly appointed brougham, whose half-sleepy drivers, and jaded footmen tell of the lateness of the overnight opera or play; cavalcades of equestrians will scamper by him on their road



to the Zoological Gardens, where those who have not laboured throughout the week, congregate to gossip, lounge, and bask in as much sun as our dark country affords them. Let not our remarks be misunderstood, we wish no Pharasai-cal observance of the Sabbath, all we require is, that the humbler classes should not be deprived of that rational recreation enjoyed by their more prosperous brethren.

To resume. Had my father lived to have witnessed the Sunday Trading bill, or the late Sir Andrew Agnews' repeated attempts to infringe upon the rights of the working-people, he would, in giving credit to the promoters for their honest but mistaken notions, have opposed them to the last. He would have felt that, in closing shops devoted to the wants and necessities of the public, such as barbers and bakers, the work of a few would have extended to hundreds, and that in preventing the opening of public houses at proper hours, he was depriving the poor man of that which was attainable by the rich. His principle would have been to have protected those who wished to observe the

Sabbath, by no compulsory labour ; and the rest he would have left as a question of conscience between the creature, and Him, to whom the secrets of the heart are known.

As a boon companion, Sir William was ever a welcome guest at the table of the master-spirits of the age, and if he had a vice it was one looked upon as venial in those days—that of hard drinking, and even for that he would quote classical authority—for be it remembered Caius Piso, who flourished under Tiberius, was raised to a post of honour in Rome, because “he sat two days and two nights enjoying the sumptuous feasts of his patron, eating and drinking continually at the festive board.” Pliny, too, writes of one Novellius Torquatus, a Milanese, who was dubbed a knight, by the name of Tricongius, for drinking (*uno haustu*) a most incredible quantity of wine. The Roman historian also tells us that “Hortensius left ten thousand barrels of Chian wine (so called from the island Chio) unto his heir.” Horace mentions the same propensity of hoarding wine for the successor. Tergilla is said to have chal-

lenged M. Cicero, son of M. T. Cicero, the celebrated orator, to a drinking bout. Marc Anthony was no teetotaller; and, among the Greeks, Alcibiades was one of the four-bottle men of his day. In contradistinction to the above boosers, the reply of Demosthenes to the ambassadors, who boasted of the potations the Macedonian king could imbibe, "That laudable faculty he has in common with a sponge," is well known to all classical readers, proving that the Athenian orator was, or ought to have been, a member of the Temperance Society. My father enjoyed the sunshine of royal favour (strange to say without an eclipse) both at Carlton House and the Pavilion, was a member of all the best London clubs, and a constant attender of that focus of festive wit and conviviality, the Beefsteak club, then in its most palmy days; to sum up all, he was the delight of every joyous four bottle toper of that brilliant yet drinking era.

I have already referred to my mother's devotion—my father, I speak only of my boyhood, was as fond of me as most father's.

are of so young a specimen of the human race. He liked to pet me, when "got up" for company, dressed in my beautifully worked long robe, and elaborately ribboned cap, with the distinguishing mark of my sex the "white cockade;" but I question much whether he would have been equally gratified to have seen me *en déshabille*, with soiled frock, slobbered bib, untidy pinafore, eyes red with crying, now screaming from temper, or screeching from pain. When in perfect good humour, crowing and laughing, my tiny hands clinging to his capillary ornaments, my father (so that faithful chronicler, the nurse, has reported) would pronounce me to be a promising yearling, with good shape and make, although perhaps a little plain about the head; and to back his opinion, he matched me against the son of a neighbouring squire, to run a race when we arrived at a mature age. The terms, which are still kept in the sporting archives of the Abbey, ran as follows:

"Foot race. 10 sovereigns each. H. Ft., 50 yards. Sir William Pembroke's 'Infant,' two months old, against Squire Heathfield's

"Baby," four months old, to run at eight year old, first spring day !"

Mrs. Heathfield, who happened to find the above precious document one evening on her husband's table, when he had asked her to bring down another written paper, was so horrified at the thought of her darling blue-eyed boy being matched like a race-horse, that she urged the Squire to pay forfeit, which he accordingly did ; and the five sovereigns was placed in a Saving's Bank, the principal and interest of which was to be handed over to me when I had passed eight winters. Were I in a moralizing strain, I could point out how the above amount, realized in a gambling transaction, never proved of any benefit to me ; nay more, it fully justified the saying respecting ill-gotten wealth. But I must not anticipate : time will show how the Squire's sovereigns were expended.

CHAPTER II.

“ Mischief, thou art afoot.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !  
Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
‘ It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
Thou art no more a child ! ’ ”

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

“ I have some private schooling for you.”

SHAKSPEARE.

OF all the “ pickles ” that ever existed, I was the greatest, no more mischievous imp ever drew the breath of life ; among other amusements, it was my pleasure to place detonating

balls upon the seats of those of my father's guests, to whom I entertained an antipathy—elderly spinsters and gouty old gentlemen being especially the objects of my sport. I was wont to put a pinch of damp gunpowder into the pipe of the clerk of the parish, who was always finding fault with me for not respecting the principle of *meum* and *tuum*, when I occasionally paid a visit to his orchard. I used to fill the boots and shoes of those staying in the house, (my favourites always excepted) with wet sponges saturated in red or black ink. I was a great proficient in making apple pie beds, cutting away the cords that supported the sacking, and placing sundry tubs full of water underneath, so as to catch the unwary individual as he, (for I confined this hydropathic system to the male creation) threw himself on his couch. I was equally happy as a pyrotechnist, causing considerable “flares up,” theoretical as well as practical, by throwing marbles into the grate, inserting glass globules filled with spirits of wine into the wax candles, and fastening crackers to the tails of the coats of those who had made

themselves obnoxious to me. If a visitor came to the Abbey, who was considered "near" or "shabby" by the servants, (who were my especial chums), I made a point of paying him off, and upon one occasion finding the carriage of a "screw" resembled a hackney-coach more than a gentleman's vehicle, I painted the numbers 1546 upon it, and crowned it with a G.R., much to the delight of the grooms and helpers, who declared the "trap" was more like a "hagony" than a private carriage, and that the owner deserved it as he was "scaly werry!"

For a length of time I was permitted to carry on my mischievous propensities with impunity; partly from their not being brought home, but principally from the kind manner in which my follies were screened by my father's butler and mother's lady's-maid, both of whom, independent of their liking to me, had stronger motives for their conduct, I having, on many occasions, witnessed flirtations, which, if reported, might have cost them their places.

Many were the luxuries I received through this dalliance, for all the best fruit and choicest



wine were presented to Mrs. Swacliffe by her devoted servant Mr. Humphrey, as the corner cupboard in her sanctum could prove. A jealousy had sprung up between this "monarch of the vine" and Monsieur Gallois, the French cook, and as I, (to my shame be it spoken), had waged war against the *chef de cuisine*, by playing off sundry practical jokes. I became, as a matter of course, a most especial favourite with his rival, and the fair object of their attention.

An event, however, occurred, which at once decided the knotty point, as to whether I was to be sent to school, or remain at home, and was carried unanimously in favour of the former. A large dinner had taken place at the Abbey, and among other guests, the Bishop of the diocese formed one; it was my usual habit upon such occasions, to place myself behind the curtain of the ante-room, where the dishes were left on their return from table, for the purpose of helping myself to such delicacies as I particularly fancied. Upon the day to which I refer, a huge turkey, hung in aldermanic chains—pork sausages—attracted my attention, and I

stealthily left my hiding place, to possess the latter, when, at the very moment, I (like a second Grimaldi, or to come to later days a Joe Robins) had purloined the string of "saucingees," Monsieur Gallois made his appearance, to watch, with that interest a Frenchman alone takes delight in, the effect produced by a newly invented dish of his, a *pâté des chasseurs*, composed of hares, pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, and snipes.

No sooner did I catch a sight of the white jacket and cap, and the attenuated form and sallow face contained in them, than I hastily dropped the tempting prize into the pocket of the first overcoat I could find hanging up on the pegs in the room, in which, I had secreted myself. Fortunately for me, Monsieur Gallois, was so carried away by excitement, at hearing (as he did from behind the open door), the eulogiums paid to his new dish, that my pilfering passed unnoticed, and when the relict of the far-famed pie was brought out, the good-humoured Frenchman begged I would taste it, and present a 'leetle' to la belle Swaccliffe.

Carried away with delight at this honestly-gotten condiment, I ran off to the housekeeper's room, followed by the "odd man" bearing the justly celebrated *pâté*, and certainly, I am bound, in truth, to say, that the love—the cupboard love—of the fair maid was wonderfully increased, when she tasted the epicurean luxury, and had not Mr. Humphrey counteracted the prevailing influence by an offering of jelly, Malmsey, and Curaçoa, the odds would have been in favour of Monsieur Gallois.

Upon the following day, the party at the Abbey were to attend the Bishop in his annual visit to the schools, and thinking some fun might turn up, I got permission to form one. At ten o'clock in the morning, we assembled at the Palace, and after teasing a pet dog, letting loose a parrot, and breaking a cup of old Dresden china, I joined the procession to the building devoted to the studies of the boys and girls of the parish.

It was a cold, raw, miserable day, and although the truly popular spiritual lord, was a hale hearty man, his wife had taken the precaution

of sending him an extra great coat; just as we entered the school-room, where the clergy of the diocese, their ladies, friends, and supporters of the charitable institution were drawn up, and the recipients of which were seated at their humble repast, the servant appeared with the Bishop's coat; which owing to the thorough draught, caused by open doors and windows was a not unwelcome appendage.

"My children," said the dignified pastor, "I have brought you a few books which may amuse your leisure hours, they contain instructions for harmless games and pastimes, conducive to exercise and health; for albeit our principal object is to store your minds with useful knowledge, we are not forgetful of your—" what the climax was, no one ever heard, for at that moment, the Bishop placed his hand in his pocket, and drew out, not the "Boys' or Girls' own Book," but the identical string of sausages that have already been referred to.

To describe the scene that took place, would require the pencil of a Hogarth, Cruickshank, Leech, or Phiz—the consternation of the

speaker—the dismay of the master and matron—the horror of the clergy—the surprise of the assembled visitors, as the boys and girls rushed from their forms, to scramble for, and snatch the dainty offering, amidst the shouts, screeches, and laughter of the juvenile portion of the community.

At length, silence was obtained, and the good humoured prelate, dived into his under coat pocket, and produced the promised food for the mind, not half so palatable as that he had unwittingly given for the body.

To screen me in this affair would have been impossible, without sacrificing the character of the servants employed at the dinner; for Monsieur Gallois had reported to my mother the loss of the garniture of the magnificent *dindon aux truffes*, and an investigation had already taken place as to the culprit.

Mischievous as I was, it went against the grain, to feel that others should suffer for my delinquencies, so I at once summoned resolution to give myself up as the sole perpetrator of the deed which, commencing in petty larceny,

had produced so astounding an effect; the result may easily be guessed. While I was commended for my open conduct, forgiven my fault, steps were taken for sending me forthwith to school, where under a rigid disciplinarian, it was hoped my follies might be whipped out of me.

After sundry inquiries for a suitable Dominie, one was found in the person of the Reverend Theophilus Burls, D.D., who kept a seminary for young gentlemen near Kennington Common, a spot at that time not so densely populated as it is at the present; and to Bellevue House (so his domicile was called) was I despatched on a frosty morning early in January.

Before leaving the Abbey, I made the *amende honorable* to the persecuted Gallois, still hobbling along on the lover's crutch or staff-hope, and who was most grateful to me for having told him that *Mrs.* Swacliffe (I give the abigail's brevet rank) began to think more of him than she had previously done—a truth founded on the fact that my father had increased his salary—wages are only for low-bred menials—twenty

guineas a-year ; and he had come into a legacy of one hundred pounds.

As a pet of the household, it is not surprising that the hall was strewed with hampers of presents the morning of my departure from home. Agreeable to orders, although somewhat liberally improved upon, the culinary chief had contributed sandwiches, cold fowl, ham, and a game pie. The butler had packed up a case of choice wines, a bottle of which I extracted for Swacliffe, who, I must take this opportunity of saying, was a blooming damsel of twenty. The gamekeeper had provided two brace of pheasants, and a leash of hares. The gardener had added his quota of fruit and vegetables ; the baker had furnished a plum-cake and biscuits ; the bailiff a pork pie. The coachman and grooms had subscribed to purchase a bat, ball, and stumps for me. Mary, the old housemaid, gave an humble offering in the shape of a pin-cushion, and Matilda Swacliffe presented me with a silk neck-tie hemmed and marked by her own beautiful self.

With the above stock of creature comforts, and two golden sovereigns from the Savings-Bank already referred to, in addition to a present from my father and mother, I left the Abbey in the pair-horse break, to proceed to Lavant, where the Chichester coach was to overtake me ; during our drive, I tried to keep up my spirits, telling old Huckle, the coachman, the fun and larks I anticipated at school ; but although I attempted to appear lightsome and merry, I was sick at heart. The thought of leaving my kind and indulgent parents, and other friends of my earliest days, for a new home—alas ! what a perversion of that name so dear to us all !—and fresh acquaintances, stung me to the quick ; and as Huckle shook me warmly by the hand, and begged my acceptance of a riding-whip, the tears that had long been repressed, burst forth ; and I cried like a child.

The coach now drove up to the small public house, when the excitement of seeing my luggage and packages stowed on the roof, and in the boot, added to a pride of not wishing to be found weeping by strangers, restored me to



self-possession ; and Thomas, my mother's footman, who was to accompany me safe to Mr. Burls', having placed me inside, took his place on the front seat, and all being right, away bowled Bramble, the pride of the road, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

No event worth recording occurred during the journey. After the first stage, when the loquacious knight of the shoulder-knot informed the insides, the precious burden they were honoured with, I was, out of respect to my father, inundated with civilities ; sweetmeats, buns, and cakes, were offered me by an old lady, whose attentions I felt greatly disposed to requite by pinning her dress to the cushions. A fast young solicitor's clerk, bitten with a histrionic mania, spouted scenes from Richard the Third, and presented me with the frontispiece of the play, a tolerably spirited likeness of Edmund Kean in that character. The grateful acknowledgment the imp of mischief in my breast suggested, was to stick to his back the paper that had held some soft " toffy." My other companion, an elderly farmer, rude in

health, not manners, asked me to "tak a sup o' ale," which I accepted, and being somewhat elated with the liquor, and roused by the journey, seriously contemplated placing a *chevaux de frise* of needles under his seat during his temporary absence from the coach. Happily for me, my evil intentions were not carried into effect, or the county of Sussex would have teemed with the outrageous conduct of the young scape-grace, and the stories, not a little exaggerated, would have probably reached the Abbey.

As the roads ran heavy, and the last two stages were performed in the dark, it was past six o'clock before we reached the Elephant and Castle; and, as a dense London fog had enveloped the metropolis and its suburbs, we had some difficulty in procuring a hackney-coach to convey the live and heavy lumber to Bellevue House. At last, we bargained with a driver of one of these vehicles to take us for half a sovereign, and were shortly afterwards proceeding at a foot pace, escorted by two bare-legged link boys.

Within a few yards of the Common, in the

Oval, stood a detached brick house, facing the present cricket ground. It was surrounded by a wall—at least, so we were informed by the publican opposite; for to get a view of the domain was utterly impossible. And this was the far-famed school.

Assisted by the ostler and the torch-bearers, we succeeded in finding the bell, and after scraping the paint off the newly varnished gate, upsetting a plaster vase, cutting up the centre plot of grass, and driving over the flower beds, we reached the entrance; there we were met by Mrs. Redpath, the housekeeper, and an overgrown youth, the lad of all work, who went by the name of "Joe," but whose patronymic was Halden.

"Be careful, men, how you bring all those packages into the house," exclaimed the matron in a dignified, tragic tone, looking with horror at the hampers that were being laid on the doorsteps. A loud, joyous titter from some urchins who had congregated behind an alcove at the end of the passage, called for another speech in even a more theatrical style than the first.

“Young gentlemen! remember that ‘familiarity breeds contempt;’ you will shortly be introduced to the new comer, who will not be prepossessed in favour of our establishment, if you give way to such boisterous merriment.”

I will not say where I wished the old lady, for so cold and ungenerous a speech; suffice it to say, it was to an equally old gentleman that my thoughts ran.

My first impulse was to rush by the prim old creature, and join my future companions, when a look from my mother’s trusty servant checked me. In the meantime, my box—my school-boy box—what a train of reflections does that bring across my mind—had (with others of fruit and cake which I had managed to secrete,) been sent to my dormitory, and the hampers of game and wine placed in the larder. Thonias now wished me a hearty good-bye, and I was left alone with the she-dragon who guarded the youth of Bellevue House.

“Permit me to present you to the Reverend head of this establishment,” said Mrs. Redpath, as taking me by the hand she led me to a room

in which was seated Dr. Theophilus Burls himself.

The pedagogue rose from his easy chair as we entered, and extending his brawny paws, welcomed me formally to my new abode.

"I have no doubt," he remarked in a calm, quiet tone, "that we shall soon put you at your ease, and that the confidence your excellent parents have placed in me, will not be unmerited." Assuredly, neither the manner nor the voice were at all calculated to bring about the feeling the Doctor wished by his words to inspire, for I never felt less at ease in my life. "Our supper hour is eight o'clock during the winter," he proceeded, "it will be ready in five minutes; in the meantime be seated."

Mrs. Redpath, with a dignified curtsy, left the room, to see that the meal was duly prepared, exclaiming, "punctuality in business as well as pleasure is indispensable."

During the absence of the housekeeper, I will attempt a daguerreotype likeness of her and the Dominie. The former, was a tall, stiff gaunt lady of about forty-five years of age, with high

cheek bones, dark raven locks, which the ill-natured world said were artificial, and the truth thereof I felt inwardly determined to ascertain—high colour—supposed by the illiberal to be the effect of carmine—and white teeth of the most perfect shape, and of which she was not a little proud. She wore a wondrous head-gear, composed of lace, beads, bugles, and artificial flowers, with a dress of ancient brocaded silk, which she had inherited with sundry others, from her maternal grandmother, the wife of Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Huggett, of Portsoken Ward, and of whose connection she prided herself not a little. The Reverend Doctor, was a short, thick set muscular man, with a swarthy complexion, dark, penetrating eyes, and black, shaggy brows and hair, his legs which were ever displayed under a pair of thin, black silk stockings, with gaiters to the ankle, were worthy of a pocket Hercules, or a Bath chairman. There was a dogged determined look in the physiognomy of the Doctor, that completely awed me, and I was planning in my own mind, whether it would be possible for me to play truant, and escape from

his clutches, when "Joe" decked out in a purple coloured livery coat, announced that supper was ready.

I was immediately ushered into a good sized room, where about three-and-twenty urchins were assembled, more anxious to get a sight of the "new boy" than to partake of their evening meal; following my master I was taken to the centre of the upper table, and placed on the right of Mrs. Redpath, an honour always conferred on the last comer. "Master Purchas make room for Master Pembroke," said the housekeeper, "and after supper introduce him to his schoolfellows." The youth gave me a sharp pinch, as a token of good fellowship, and we were all shortly afterwards occupied in devouring some rather tough, yet very juvenile mutton, and washing it down with draughts of the smallest of small beer. The meal over, off we rushed to the play-room, an extra half hour having been granted us in consequence of my arrival.

"What's your name? Have you any brothers and sisters? Is your father rich? Does he keep

a carriage? What money have you got? What "sock" (the Eton term for edibles) have you brought? What allowance are you to have?" The above and a dozen other queries of a similar nature were put to me in succession, long before I had time to reply to them, but the answer that seemed to give universal satisfaction, and to make me appear a hero in the eyes of all was, "come to my room, I have smuggled a box of fruit and cakes, we'll share and share alike; and if that old harridan, mother Redpath, interferes, we will tie this cracker to the tail of her dress."

"What fun!" responded one "what would Mrs. Alderman and Sheriff Huggett say?" responded another.

"What a capital fellow!" added a third.

It was now arranged that as we occupied four dormitories, a boy from each room, under the pretence of wishing me good night, should come provided with a satchel, to carry off a fair division of the eagerly coveted luxuries, and in the event of being foiled in that attempt, he



was to enter my room stealthily, after the Bellevue curfew-bell had sounded.

Prayers being over, the process of being scrubbed with a hard brush, strong yellow soap and cold water, by the housekeeper and two female assistants, having been gone through, we were escorted to bed by the above feminine triumvirate. Master Purchas, the eldest boy in the school, presided over my dormitory, which, being filled with youths of the most matured age, only required a visit from Mrs. Redpath for the purpose of seeing that the lights were out.

No sooner were we alone in Number One, than my boxes were produced, and the fruit and cakes divided into equal parts.

"Here Lipscombe," said Purchas, "fill your satchel. That's for Number Four. Take care how you carry it. And, Trower, here's for Number Three."

"Master Lipscombe," exclaimed a shrill voice.  
"Master Trower," cried another.

"Here, here," responded the two absentees.  
"We're getting our books from Number One, and wishing Pembroke good night."

Where the unfortunate representative of Number Two was, could not be divined; so his portion was left, in case he should pay us a nocturnal visit. Eleven o'clock struck; while munching our apples, the door opened gently, and a voice faintly uttered:

"Purchas, it's I, Bagnold. I fancied Mother Redpath was suspicious, so I waited until the old girl went to bed."

"Did you, Master Bagnold?" exclaimed a voice, thundering with rage, and who now, with light in hand, stood behind the crouching urchin. "And pray what business called you from your dormitory at this unseemly hour of the night?"

"I came—only—just—to—" responded the blubbering boy.

"But, Master Purchas," proceeded the stately dame, whose olfactory senses had discovered the hidden fruit, "what does this mean? A box of apples—cakes—surely the rules of Bellevue House have never been violated by you?"

Approaching the pillow of each apparently fast-asleep occupant, she discovered half-eaten

pears, bitten cakes and broken pieces of gingerbread, remnants of which she speedily disposed of in a basket. "The doctor must be acquainted with this outrageous breach of good faith, young gentlemen," and with the above remark, she called her attendant Susan to see Master Bagnold to bed, and desired Elizabeth to take charge of the portion that had originally been intended for Number Two room.

Suspecting, and not without cause, that the whole of the pupils were implicated, Mrs. Redpath visited the respective dormitories; but the delay had enabled the occupiers to make way with their shares, and nothing but the smell of the fruit, and a few crumbs, could furnish evidence of their having participated in the "sock" of the night.

The next morning, when we were assembled in the school-room, Dr. Burls made his appearance, and it was evident, even to those who had not studied Lavater, that an awful storm was brewing, the index pointed to foul weather.

"Boys!" exclaimed the master, in a voice that made the stoutest heart quail, "you have been

guilty of deception and gluttony. Had you openly told me of the present Arthur Pembroke had brought you, I should have allowed you to enjoy it at a proper season ; as it is, you have all laid yourselves open to punishment, and I shall make an example of the elder boys, who are bound to set an example to their younger comrades, by inflicting corporal chastisement on the two seniors of each room—the rest will each have an extra half hour for study during the play time. As for you, Pembroke,” addressing me, “I shall pass over your conduct, it being your first fault, a too early one I fear, to augur much good for the future—but upon the next occasion of offence, the leniency now shown you, will no longer be extended. Boys come forward—the two senior in each dormitory.” Eight unfortunate victims stepped forward, and were placed in front of the block by the usher, Mr. Winterburn, of whom more anon, and underwent that punishment which the greatest of our senators, officers, poets, bankers, and merchants, have received early in life, and the absence of which would inevitably prove the

truth of the wise saying—"Spare the rod, and spoil the child." Dr. Burls, took especial care, that the children under his charge should not be spoilt—and upon every occasion acted up to the jocose authority, that the birch improves the dull school-boy by making him *smart*.

No sooner was the punishment over, than I was placed under the charge of Mr. Winterburn, the usher, who had been absent on my arrival, in consequence of having to attend the funeral of a relative. He was a spare, sallow man, with a careworn countenance, a deep sunk eye, and a brow furrowed more by grief than age. His threadbare suit, and darned hose, made him a no unworthy representative of that great creation of the Scottish novelist—Dominie Sampson; there was something, however, peculiarly attaching in his manner, which at once gained my esteem and friendship.

Although a deep and profound scholar, there was not the slightest degree of pedantry in his way of instruction, he first ascertained the capacity of his pupil, and then simply and clearly explained the nature of the lesson; never

rebuking any density of the brain, but censuring idleness or inattention in a strain which brought conviction with it. Under his judicious treatment, I got over my studies with credit to myself, and satisfaction to my preceptor, receiving from the Doctor himself, a testimonial in the shape of a handsomely bound edition of Robinson Crusoe for my zeal and attention in school.

One circumstance occurred which certainly tended to make my Dominie take a dislike to me, and which proved the truth of the adage, that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Winterburn had told me a story of a man who refused to have a wager decided by Doctor Johnson, because in one line the surly pedant had been guilty of three ungrammatical errors, viz., upon being asked his opinion on the merits of two works, replied "Neither are good; but the last is the best," instead of "Neither is good, but the latter is the better." And when, upon a similar occasion, Dr. Burls followed the example of the great lexicographer, I appended the correction, which was so decided a censure

upon his grammar, that he felt it deeply, although he admitted the correctness of it.

Out of school, I could not boast of such good conduct; for my mischievous propensities had returned with increased vigour. One check alone prevented my breaking out upon every occasion; and that was the fear of the usher getting into trouble; for he was our constant attendant in the daily walk, and bore the blame of any prank played off during our constitutional exercise. Upon half or whole holidays, when there was no such feeling to restrain me, I indulged in every sort of practical joke, many of them worthy of modern times. The objects of my especial aversion were the Doctor and his housekeeper; and they both received a large portion of my favours.

With some small difficulty, I had succeeded in inserting a small fish hook, attached to the finest silk line, in the back of Mrs. Redpath's head-dress, hoping in the course of the day—and it was one on which the relatives of the boys were invited to attend the annual speeches—that accident, if I failed in design, would cause

some amusement. I had also on the same occasion "booked" a hamper for the Dominie containing oyster-shells and cabbage-leaves. The all-important morning arrived. A platform was raised in the school-room, tastefully ornamented with laurel branches, in the centre of which appeared the motto, "Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action," formed in gold characters. A cold collation was laid in the dining-room, the door of which had been locked at an early hour; and the library was appropriated for the reception of the visitors.

For months every boy had been studying the speech allotted to him from the prose and poetical elegant extracts; and it was curious to listen to the medley of lines that were spouted forth upon every occasion, in school, out of school, at play, during meals, in dressing, undressing, and in bed. "To be, or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler," "That you have wronged me doth appear," "Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment," "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills," "O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you,"



"Sleep, gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee?" "For Brutus is an honourable man," "Honour is a mere scutcheon," "Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."

To proceed, at eleven o'clock the visitors began to arrive, and were received in the cloak-room by Mrs. Redpath, gorgeously attired in the identical dress her ancestress, Mrs. Alderman and Sheriff Huggett, had appeared in on Lord Mayor's day, 1727, when the Royal Family, with all the great officers of state, were entertained at Guildhall; her two assistants being placed behind a table to take charge of, and label with tickets the several cloaks, bonnets, shawls, goloshes, umbrellas, great coats and hats, giving a card with a number corresponding to the article deposited. This operation gave me a glorious opportunity of showing off my talent; and the moment the females had left the room, I altered every ticket, the result of which will readily be anticipated, and duly developed.

The company were now assembled in the school-room, and the speeches commenced, to the delight of the relatives and friends of the

youthful orators, who applauded to the echo. My turn, at length, arrived ; and coming modestly forward, I recited Gloucester's speech to the "brave peers of England," which Mr. Winterburn had taken great pains to instruct me in. Just as I had concluded the last line—

"Undoing all, as all had never been !"

a sensation, greater than that caused by the plaudits, attracted the attention of all ; and, on looking to the back row, I perceived the bald pericranium of Mrs. Redpath.

"Susan — Elizabeth !—oh ! my head goes round ! Oh !—ah !" and the wretched victim of my practical joke fell into the arms of the reverend doctor, who, hearing a scream, had rushed to her assistance. Of course, a crowd gathered round the *feigning* housekeeper, who attempted to hide her unadorned head with her hands.

"Bring me my bonnet," said a kind-hearted lady. "I left it in the cloak-room—number 13."

Off ran Joe Halden for the article, and

speedily returned with a pair of goloshes and a cotton umbrella. In the meantime Susan had brought Mrs. Redpath her second-best cap ; and, during the confusion, I had managed to extract the fish-hook, thus leaving no evidence to fix the guilt upon any one. How the "rape of the locks" took place, was never satisfactorily proved. The unlucky wearer attributed it to accident, as the sudden jerk made her fancy she had come in contact with another lady's dress ; but I had a strong suspicion that young Purchas, who had never quite forgiven the fruit affair, had been the actual perpetrator, and that he had fastened the line to a bench. I was borne out in this opinion, first, because he was aware that I had "thrown the fly," and, secondly, from the fact of his having burnt a small piece of silk twine immediately after the proceeding. The prizes were then awarded ; and, thanks to the usher's instructions, I was fortunate enough to receive the first—a well-bound copy of Shakspeare's works. After a few flattering remarks upon each orator, refreshments were announced ; and, as we passed in procession through the

hall, Joe appeared with a hamper, upon which was inscribed "fruit, with care." Thinking the contents would be most acceptable, the footman was ordered to cut the string, which he did in the presence of the company; and, instead of finding melons, pine-apples, or other such luxuries, some stale cabbage-leaves and oyster-shells were exposed to the gaze of the gaping visitors. "Shameful ! disgraceful !" exclaimed the majority. "Too bad !" I added, trying to put a fair face upon a foul action. I could not, however, help fancying that Doctor Burls cast a severe glance at me ; but the feeling might have arisen from conscience, which makes cowards of us all. No sooner was the repast over, than a pelting storm of hail and rain came down ; and, as the respective carriages were announced, many of which were public vehicles, the company rushed to the cloak-room, to get their " haps," as the Scottish phrase runs.

"No. 14, a silk cloak and fur boa."

"Yes, mum," responded Elizabeth, producing a waterproof coat and a worsted comforter.

"No. 27, a silk umbrella, a hat, and a pair of clogs."

"Yes, Sir," replied Susan, presenting him with a fur pelisse, a velvet bonnet, and a lady's reticule.

"No. 30, an Indian shawl, a satin hood, and velvet boots," said Lady Edkins, the wife of one of the rich Capelocracy of Finsbury Place, addressing Mrs. Redpath, who, taking the card without attending to the articles named, placed before the eyes of the astounded visitor a black cloth spencer (a garment now extinct), clerical hat, and green silk eye-shade. To describe the scene that ensued, and the dismay of the company, would be impossible—the irritable demands of the gentlemen, the entreaties of the ladies, the apologies of the maids, the suppressed laughter of the pupils, and the angry tones of the Reverend Doctor, produced a Babel-like confusion, while the temper of the visitors was not improved by the extortionate charges made by the drivers for extra waiting. At length, Bellevue House

was freed of its guests, and a strict investigation was entered into, to discover, if possible, the author or authors of the disasters of the day.

Suspicion fell upon two innocent youths, who had unwittingly entered the cloak-room, and were seen leaving it by the Argus eyes of the prim duenna ; and no assertions of theirs could exonerate them from the charge, corroborated as it was by such strong collateral evidence. The block was ordered to be prepared, more with a view of frightening the supposed offenders into a confession, than of actually punishing them while a doubt existed.

At this moment, I stepped forward, and avowed myself, not alone the culprit, but the sole designer and executer of the practical joke. What followed may easily be conjectured. I need not further allude to a "custom" in this instance less "honoured in the breach than the observance."

Although smarting—I speak practically, not figuratively—under the lash, I derived no little consolation from the opinions I won from my

comrades for the part I had taken, in removing the burthen from the innocent to my own guilty shoulders ; I was extolled as a hero, and with one exception, gained the confidence of all my school-fellows. The exception I allude to, was in the person of young Edkins, who combined the not unusual qualities of bully and coward. From my first entrance into Bellevue House, he had evinced a very unfriendly feeling towards me, partly caused by jealousy, and partly at my defence of the usher, whom he had been in the habit of maltreating. To account for the former, I must state, that the money, the ill-fated forfeit money, and presents I had brought with me, added to the liberal weekly allowance I received, exceeded the funds of this young wealthy cit ; and to explain the latter, I must remark, that I had threatened Master Edkins with a good "licking," if ever he annoyed Mr. Winterburn.

The hatred which had long been smouldering, burst forth when Lady Edkins found herself the subject of a practical joke, which her hopeful offspring at once laid to my charge, and from

that moment he vowed vengeance against the perpetrator of it.

This feeling I could have freely forgiven ; but his continued oppression of the weak, and the sneering remarks he indulged in, whenever my name was mentioned, determined me to carry out my threat upon the first favourable opportunity. Mrs. Redpath (whose veneration for the memory of her departed grandmother, Mrs. Alderman and Sheriff Huggett, led her to pay court to every one connected with the city), had taken a prodigious liking to my foe, who, in return for her kindness, communicated all that went on during our play hours. For some little time, this admixture of Marplot, Paul Pry, and Tattle, had been allowed to carry on his tale-bearing propensities with impunity ; but having got one of our fellows—I adopt the school phraseology—into a scrape, by reporting that which was false, he was assailed as he entered the play-ground with certain sibilations facetiously supposed to be connected with the Michaelmas term, and which reminded him of the birds, whose remarkable sagacity was dis-



played in the Roman capitol. Edkins, chafing like an infuriated bull, or, more strictly speaking, bellowing calf at this reception, so much the very north side of friendly, seized a boy much smaller than himself, and began to labour him most unmercifully, upon which I rushed forward, and doffing my jacket, challenged him to fistic combat. A ring was immediately formed, amidst the cries of "give it him, Pembroke! Thrash the bully well." Encouraged by these shouts, I prepared myself for a terrific onset; for my adversary was strong, and possessed many pugilistic qualities. There was one, however, he was wanting in—caution; and of this I fully availed myself. Having enormous length of arm, and being the most powerful, he went at me "hammer and tongs," (so the records of the P. C. would describe it), fighting at the body; but he was no judge of distance, and was met in the head before his knuckles reached their destination, and with double force, too, because he gave me the impetus of his own rush to the coming blow.

Despite of this, however, the combat was

going against me, when I was obliged to have recourse to a feint, practised some thousand years ago by one Horatius, who, if history records correctly, was seen to turn and flee before the enemy, amidst the groans of the Roman people. Following this bright example, I (albeit I had only one of the Curatii to contend with) I retired step by step from one, who I now began to feel was more than a match for me. The result proved the same as that in the army of Alban. My adversary became feeble, and, staggering forward, floundered, hit wild, and fell heavily from a right and left hander. This brought the affair to a crisis; for, after half a dozen rounds, victory crowned my maiden effort; and I received the most gratifying token of approbation from all my schoolfellows. Checking the enthusiasm, I offered my hand to the vanquished foe, which was moodily accepted; and from that time nothing occurred among the youths to mar the harmony of Bellevue House.

## CHAPTER III.

“Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?

\* \* \* \*

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.”

SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE already told my readers that Mr. Winterburn attended us in our two daily walks, when we marched three deep for an hour's exercise ; and after a time, I could not help remarking, that, upon every occasion, he made a point of passing a small cottage, situated on the common, nearly opposite that celebrated tavern, whose sign, like the song of the cuckoo, “ mocks married men,” with its golden antlers.

As I generally placed myself near the usher,

I observed that he always cast a look at the inmates of a room, on the first floor, through the muslin curtain of which, a pair of bright eyes welcomed him most kindly. The name of Mrs. Galton, dress-maker, appeared on a brass plate ; and the number of nimble fingers that were seen plying round a table, upon which was strewn a variety of silks and nets, showed that it was the work-room of this suburban Maradan. One day, as we passed near the cottage, Winterburn suddenly addressed me, when the attention of the other boys was occupied with a Punch's puppet-show, and requested me to leave a small packet at the garden entrance. To this proposition I gladly assented ; and, as I rang the bell, the door opened, and a girl of fourteen years of age came forward, and, with maiden bashfulness, received the packet. Before I could recover from my surprise, occasioned by the exquisite loveliness of the light-footed fay, she had retired ; and, from the window, acknowledged with her sparkling orbs of light, the gratification she felt towards the usher, the promoter of her happiness. During the brief moment this

bright creature stood before me, I had sufficient time to notice the beauty of her countenance, and the perfect symmetry of her form. Her large full, dark eyes gave to her youthful face a look of sensibility far above her years. Her hair of raven black, finer, and more glossy than carded silk, floated in luxurious ringlets over her well-formed shoulders. Her cheek was rich in colour, her teeth of pearly white. There was, however, on her brow a meditative tone, almost amounting to seriousness, and difficult to reconcile in one so young.

Winterburn's well-known voice now awoke me from my reverie; and I joined him before the perambulating Thespian performance had terminated, and was warmly thanked for having fulfilled his mission.

"Arthur," said he, "after what you have this day witnessed, it is necessary that I should entrust you with a confidence. I rely on your honour. The girl you have just seen is my daughter."

"Your daughter?" I said, with evident surprise. "I never knew you had been married.

It was only yesterday, Mrs. Redpath told me you had met with a disappointment in early life."

"We will talk more upon the subject another time," proceeded he, evidently touched at the chord I had struck. "Your comrades will notice your absence. Now, boys, as the show is over, we will proceed on our way home."

A few mornings after the above event took place, the usher took advantage of a rainy afternoon to confide in me the story he had previously hinted at. It appeared that, during his college days, he had become enamoured of the daughter of a wealthy yeoman. His feeling was reciprocated; but the usual stream of true love did not run from its proverbial course in favour of the young pair. To gain the consent of either of their parents was deemed impossible; so a clandestine marriage was the result; and, in giving birth to the child, now the blooming girl Mary, the wretched mother died. Previous to her situation being known to her own parents, an aunt of Winterburn's had provided her with a home, and had attended

her to the last ; and, even when the ill-fated offspring found herself motherless, Mrs. Winterburn continued to bestow upon the child the affection she had lavished on her parent. Through her influence, Mary obtained a situation in the house in which I had first seen her ; and the small packet I was the bearer of, contained a portrait of her mother, which had been presented to the young girl as a birth-day gift, on attaining her fourteenth year. To say that my whole feeling was absorbed in the painful story I had listened to, of poor Winterburn's first and only love, and the interest I had taken in the object of his present devotion, would not surprise those who, like me, had heard the sad tale, or seen the lovely girl. From this time forth, I vowed eternal friendship for my tutor, and among one of the " brightest spots in memory's waste " is the recollection that nothing ever occurred seriously to interrupt this feeling, a feeling which stood the test of time, absence, and other circumstances, as will be duly developed in the course of this narrative.

I have digressed—to resume. Although I

had not suffered so severely from punishment in the encounter with Edkins, as my opponent had, we were both placed on the sick list, where I remained for four-and-twenty hours, and he for three days. A letter had been despatched to Sir Timothy, by the officious house-keeper, informing him of the state of his son, and in less than an hour from the departure of the messenger, the family coach drove up to the door, emblazoned with arms and crests, for the owner seemed to have divided the latter, a stag, into three ; first, the animal appeared, as Burke would describe it, on a mount vert trippant, ppr, wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, ang., and az., next his head was cabossed, and lastly coupé, or gouged with a collar. Lady Edkins, the worthy knight, and Mr. Podmore, the family medical practioner, alighted from the vehicle.

“Conduct me to my son’s room,” said the haughty dame, decked out in the identical Indian shawl, satin hood, and velvet boots, that had previously caused so great a sensation. “I was



not aware that such a brutal practice as fighting was carried on at Doctor Burls'."

What occurred at the consultation was never divulged, but the scornful look of the city Madame, the pompous tone of Sir Timothy, and the Burleigh shake of the head of the disciple of Esculapius, portended some evil; nor was the surmise erroneous, for before the visage of young Edkins had recovered its proper hue, a letter arrived, informing the reverend Doctor, that, as pugilistic contests were permitted to take place between boys of unequal size, and foul play had been resorted to, the heir of Sir Timothy could not longer be permitted to remain at Bellevue House. A postscript was added, to the effect that, as the quarter would terminate in less than three weeks, Master E. might remain over that time, with an especial injunction, that in his weak state of health, his leisure hours were to be passed in the society of that excellent person, Mrs. Redpath. The motive assigned for not taking the pupil away at once, was a fear of damaging the academy; the real reason was,

my lady's anxiety to have her scholastic money's worth, having paid for the period in advance. From "bully" and "coward," the words "milk-sop" and "spooney" were substituted, and among other specimens of mural literature that graced our play-ground, appeared one in huge characters of chalk, headed, "Redpath's pride, and Finsbury's glory," an humble imitation of the motto applied to the patriot of that day, Burdett; and another, representing the house-keeper, with a denuded head, and the *black-eyed* boy pinned to her apron-string. As a matter of course, I was pointed at as the author, which, in this instance, happened not to be the case, for having fairly mastered my opponent, I had sufficient English feeling in me not to trample upon him when down. The real culprit, as I afterwards ascertained, was Joe Halden, who had been subjected to every sort of indignity from the bully, and who had manfully stood up for me against the united forces of Sir Timothy's coachman and groom, declaring, as was the truth, that Master Edkins was seven pound heavier, an inch taller, much longer in the arms

than Master Pembroke, adding, "that nothing but science and pluck brought the light weight through." This had been duly reported to the house-keeper, who did all in her power to annoy the "scapegoat" Joe.

Twelve hours were allowed for confession, and if, during that time, the offender was not given up, I was to suffer the penalty. Halden, in the mean time, had entrusted me with his secret, after extracting a solemn promise that I would not divulge it. Upon hearing this, I fully made up my mind that, whatever might be the consequence, I would not submit to be punished for the faults of another, and as the usher privately informed me, that Dr. Burls was assured by Mrs. Redpath, that I was the culprit, and had determined to make me an example, I resolved to run away from school.

To accomplish this, required some arrangement, and taking Joe into my confidence, we soon concocted a plan, which we speedily put into execution. A small carpet bag, containing a change of linen, and a few articles I valued, was to be left at the neighbouring public-house ;

this being arranged, the next point to be decided was, how I could escape from Bellevue House without the chance of being overtaken, and to accomplish this required no ordinary tactics. At length, after much consultation, we agreed on a "barring out," and having raised a revolution in our small republic, I took charge of the *émeute*.

During the winter months, it was the habit of our tutor to lock us up in the school-room for one hour after dusk, during which period, we were allowed to read any books that had passed his scrutiny, and upon the occasion I refer to, I addressed my school-fellows, telling them that, as I could no longer submit to the tyranny imposed upon me, I had determined to run away. Many attempted to wean me from my purpose; but finding me inflexible, they one and all yielded to my arguments. "At half-past five," I continued, "when you go to tea, I shall remain behind. Do not think I am unwilling to confide my plans to you, but I feel that by remaining in ignorance, you will be fully acquitted of all participation in them. Good-

bye, my friends, Arthur Pembroke will never forget the kindness you have shewn him." The warm aspirations that were breathed for me, the hearty shake of the hand, and the tearful eyes, proved that my feelings were reciprocated. Assisted by my comrades I soon formed a barricade, by placing the hateful flogging-block, desks, and forms against the door, I then opened the shutters, and made a stepping-place of the coal-box, to enable me to reach the window, outside of which, Halden had left the garden ladder. I also wrote a letter to the Reverend Mr. Burls, informing him of the step I was about to take, my motives for it, and declaring most solemnly, that my school-fellows had done their best to dissuade me from such a project.

The bell shortly announced that tea was ready, and no one attending the summons, Mrs. Redpath's shrill voice was recognised, calling the young gentlemen.

"Master Edkins," said she, "inform your friends that we are waiting." The hopeful youth tried to open the door, and found it

locked. "Why, what can have happened?" continued the housekeeper, "tell Mr. Burls his presence is required in the school-room."

After a time, the Doctor's brawny fists were heard rapping against the panels. No answer was given.

"Let them remain there for the night," said the irate Dominie, "I'll try what starving them out will do." A loud groan was the only response. "Pembroke's voice," continued the speaker, "I concluded he was the ringleader, and expulsion will follow."

After a variety of parleys between the besiegers and the besieged, I extracted a promise from the Doctor to confine his anger to me, and wreak the whole of his vengeance upon my devoted head. To this he agreed, being anxious to get rid of one who had been guilty of so many pranks, and who had set his authority at open defiance.

Mrs. Redpath was not slow in backing the Doctor up, with a view of retaining her protégé, whose mother, Lady Edkins, she declared

“was quite the lady,” she having presented the housekeeper with two sovereigns.

I now made a sign to the garrison to remove the defences, and quietly shaking all by the hand, opened the window, and was soon in the garden which led to a back lane.

The door was unlocked, and I found myself on the road to London, with rather a heavy heart, a light purse, and a small carpet bag.

Wishing, as much as possible, to economize my funds, I gave a waggoner sixpence to allow me to occupy a seat on a truss of hay thinking that by so doing, I should escape detection if an active search were set on foot. The fear of being overtaken and captured, caused many fancies to arise in my mind. One or two horsemen passed us; I pictured to myself the Doctor mounted on a cob which he occasionally borrowed from a neighbour—a butcher’s cart galloped by us, and I thought I recognized honest Joe Halden. Innumerable hackney coaches wended their way towards London, and I fully expected to see the Dominie’s shovel hat,

or Mrs. Redpath's Sunday bonnet, decorated with an arbour of flowers, and a profusion of ribands.

No event, however, occurred until we reached the turnpike at the Marsh Gate; when, to my dismay, I saw the butcher's cart drawn up at the roadside, and two men with lanterns watching every one that passed, either on foot or in carriages.

"You have not seen a young gentleman with a small carpet bag," enquired one of the looker's out, "have you?"

"Noa," responded the waggoner, as I made a sign, and thrust another sixpence into his palm.

"A youth in a blue cloak, and dark coloured cap," said the other, whom I immediately recognised as Halden.

"I'ze zeen no one," proceeded my companion, "that answers to that description."

"Draw up at the public-house through the gate," I whispered, secreting myself under the hay; the waggoner, nothing loth, attended to my bidding. "You see," I exclaimed, "that



young man in the livery great coat, tell him Arthur is with you, but take care no one else hears you. If he is alone, bring him to me ; if his master is present, urge him to secrecy. I'll reward you for your trouble."

"It ain't for the matter of that that I'll do it, you've already acted handsomely—some truant school-boy mayhap. Well it han't no business of mine, and my missus says, 'Sam Faulkner,' says she, 'never put your finger in any other body's pie.'"

With this marital saying, Faulkner went off to execute my commission, it was an awful moment of suspense, but I was speedily relieved from all anxiety, by Joe running up to the waggon, and crying out :

"Master Pembroke, I am so very glad I've found you. Thomas," addressing the butcher's lad, "you needn't look out any longer, and to avoid suspicion, drive home as quick as possible ; thank you, and good bye."

"Good bye, Joe !" replied the other, "success, Master Arthur, there isn't a tradesman in the neighbourhood that wouldn't have lent you

a helping hand, and master and I are most happy to have served you."

During the time that Sam Faulkner was enjoying a glass of ale at my expense, Joe Halden made me acquainted with all that had taken place at Bellevue House after my departure.

In order to give me as much law as possible, my school-fellows had been very slow in removing the barricades, which, when once accomplished, they (having capitulated) were allowed to march out with all the honours of war.

"You will send Master Pembroke to my study," said the Doctor, "and have a bed made up for him in the spare attic. I cannot allow him to contaminate the minds of my other pupils."

"Master Pembroke is not here," responded Mrs. Redpath. "He is probably playing me another trick—one's life is not safe with such a determined scapegrace."

After a fruitless search had been made, even to the cellars and chimneys, it was ascertained

that I had made my escape, and as the front door had been purposely left unlocked by my informant, it was considered more than probable that I had got out that way. An enquiry was immediately commenced, and the publican opposite, who had no particular liking for the Doctor, had put him on a wrong scent, by saying, he had seen a young gentleman mount the box of the Brighton mail.

This satisfied the Dominie that I was on my road home, and the excitement which had prevailed at Bellevue House gradually subsided.

In the mean time, Joe, whose conscience smote him, for having 'allowed me to suffer for his delinquency, made up his mind to quit the service of those to whom he had taken so thorough a dislike, and in the hopes of finding and placing me in safe hands, had easily persuaded the butcher to allow his cart to convey him to the Marsh-gate turnpike, which he wisely judged I should most likely pass through, on my way to London. This manœuvre (as the reader is aware of) proved perfectly successful, and the honest fellow declared he would not

leave me until I was at the Abbey with my parents. Although Halden had added his savings to my mite, we were not in sufficiently affluent circumstances to enable us to post home, even if we had been disposed so to do at such a late hour. We, therefore, decided upon stopping at the first hotel or coffee-house, and mounting the waggon which had proved such a friend in need, we proceeded towards Westminster Bridge.

Upon reaching Astley's Amphitheatre, a placard attracted my eyes, it was to the effect that "second price had commenced," while another notice had drawn the attention of my companion, announcing "good beds," at a tavern then in tolerable repute.

To pay old Faulkner, to order supper after the performance, to secure a dormitory, to rush over to the pay office, to enter the pit, was the work of a few seconds, and never will the feeling I experienced, when once within the walls, be obliterated from my mind. It was my first play. Oh ! how I gazed upon the beautifully painted drop curtain ; with what intent regard

did I raise my eyes to behold the glittering chandelier—with what delight did I look upon the galaxy of loveliness that adorned the dress circle, nor were my optical senses the only ones that were gratified, as might be proved by the pocket full of oranges and bag of walnuts, which I had purchased for Joe and myself, from the perambulating youth in fustian suit and fur cap, who vended “porter, ale, cider, apples, oranges, pears, nuts, choice cakes, and bills, of the night.”

The curtain now drew up amidst the cat-calling, shouting, hurraing, of the folks in the gallery, who I fully expected would carry their threats into execution, of throwing a noisy occupant of it over into the pit; at length silence was proclaimed, and the last act of a new military and equestrian spectacle commenced. I knew not which most to admire, the impassioned tones of the heroine, the stentorian lungs of the leading tragedian, the jocosity of the low comedian, the wonderful feats of the warrior steeds, or the sylph like grace of the ballet girls. Suffice it to say, I was in a state

of ecstasy. Great as had been my delight at the performance upon the boards and platforms, it was, if possible, increased, when the centre chandelier was let down, the stage opened for those who had been ejected from the arena, and sundry well-dressed grooms in gorgeous liveries, commenced raking the saw-dust and picking up the orange peel, that had been thrown into it.

“Here we are again,” shouted Mr. Merryman, throwing a summersault, and in his antics nearly annihilating the popular genius of the ring, the incomparable Widdicomb.

“Now Sir,” said the former, “what shall I come for to go, for to fetch, for’to bring, for to come for to go, for to carry.” Without deigning a reply, Mr. Widdicomb, decked out in a hussar suit, paid every attention to the infantine wonder, Mademoiselle Josephine Ricoché, who, mounted on a milk-white steed, was to dance a naval hornpipe, an Irish jig, a Scotch straphsey, a German waltz, and a French *pas seul*, but I cannot describe the wonders of that eventful night—the dignity of the master of the circus, the practical fun of the clown, the

fairy-like motions of the female equestrians, the daring feats of the slack and tight rope dancers, the surprising exploits of the male riders, the flags, pendants, banners, fetters of roses, pink-coloured balloons, garlands of flowers, and party-coloured garters, made me fancy myself in the land of Puck or Titania ; while the adventures of " Billy Button " which formed the subject of the comic pantomime, sent me away in a delirium of excitement and bliss. So completely was my mind absorbed in all I had seen, that when the green curtain fell, I remained fixed, until reminded by my companion, and the oil man, who was extinguishing the lights, that it was time to depart.

To leave London, the scene of such enchantment, without seeing another play, was, I felt, impossible, and although Halden urged me to return home in the morning, I peremptorily declined. Finding that I was resolute, he gave way, and finally, I with difficulty appeased him, by promising that I would write a line to my father by the day coach, and be ready to attend his summons, the moment I heard that the

doors of the Abbey would be open to receive me. Upon reaching the hotel, I penned a letter, stating my reasons for the step I had taken, denouncing the injustice of my late tutors, and ended a tolerable penitential epistle by promising implicit obedience to any future plans my parents might have respecting me.

Supper was now announced, and as far as my own experience goes, there is no meal that falls to the lot of mortal man to partake of, that equals this repast, more especially after a play. My companion seemed to participate in the same feeling, as the sudden disappearance of grilled bones, scalloped oysters, Welsh rare-bits, and London porter proved. It was a late hour before we got to bed, and so sound asleep was I the following morning at nine o'clock, that I never heard Joe come to my bed side to get the letter which was to be sent down by the Chichester coach. At ten o'clock, I awoke, and after an elaborate toilet, joined my companion in the coffee-room, where we proved to the astonished waiter, that supper was not the only meal we could do justice to. As Halden had



doffed his livery, and appeared in a new frock coat, waistcoat, and hat, which he had bought at a neighbouring ready-made establishment, I began to entertain a fear that our united funds would not be sufficient to defray another day's expenses, and putting the money together, found that it only amounted to thirty-five shillings; the supper, beds, and breakfast, we had already enjoyed, would at the lowest calculation, without attendance, come to thirteen shillings, and we had to provide for another day at the same ratio, independent of dinner and the theatre. How to raise a further supply, required the united talents of Halden and myself, two most inexperienced Chancellors of the Exchequer. Joe proposed pawning his watch, but I urged keeping that back as a last resource, while I suggested calling upon an old aunt of mine, in Cadogan Place, who occasionally opened her purse strings to her youthful relatives. No sooner had this idea crossed my mind, than we proceeded to carry it into execution, and away we trudged through Saint James's Park to that since rising colony—Belgravia.

Fortunately the old lady was at home ; but the frown that crossed her features, when I was announced, showed that she had not forgotten the day when, at the Abbey, I had given her pet spaniel Flora a ducking in the lake.

"Take Brunette away," said my aunt, addressing the butler, "and let him have his dinner," at the same time casting a rather malicious look at me.

"Oh, what a beautiful pug!" I exclaimed, stooping down to pat the obese animal, who returned my caresses with a snarl and a snap. Mrs. Pembroke, acting upon the principle of "love me, love my dog," soon warmed in my favour, and gave me a most saccharine smile. Anxious to keep my vantage ground, I offered "Brunette" a piece of cake, gave the parrot a lump of sugar, and ingratiated myself into Flora's favour by presenting her a ball to play with.

"And how did you leave Dr. Burls?" enquired my aunt ; "but you must be hungry after your drive and walk. Simmons, order some luncheon in the dining-room." During

the butler's absence, I completely won the heart of my relative, by praising her canine species and feathered tribe, so much so, that I mustered up sufficient courage to ask her to allow Halden to have some dinner in the servants' hall. This boon was graciously accorded ; and, after enjoying as excellent a meal above stairs, as Joe had partaken of below, I took leave of my aunt, who, in the generosity of her heart, gave me a sovereign, with an earnest request to be kindly remembered to my tutor. With this splendid addition to our joint stock purse, and a meal less to provide for, we strolled about the town, visiting the bazaars and other gratuitous buildings, until it was time to attend the opening of the doors at Covent Garden Theatre, where, after much deliberation, we decided upon going ; nor were we wrong in our selection, for that temple of the Muses had not degenerated as it has in later days ; and a performance worthy the boards on which Kemble, Siddons and O'Neil had trod, was represented. The united talents of Macready, Charles Kemble, Liston, W. Farren, Emery, Fawcett, Blanchard, Abbott,

Mesdames Bunn, Davenport, Gibbs, Miss M. Tree, and Maria Foote, appeared upon the occasion I refer to. Alas ! for the degeneracy of the present day ! When shall we look upon the like again ?

At a very early hour the following morning, I was awoke by a loud rapping at the door ; and, upon opening my eyes, and starting up in bed, I recognized the form of "Daddy Huckle," the old family coachman, who has already been alluded to.

"I've a letter for you, Master Arthur, from Sir William," said he, "and a message from my Lady." I read the former, which was dictated in a kind but firm strain, to the effect that, however bad the conduct of Doctor Burls or others might have been, nothing could justify the step I had taken in running away from school ; and that the only way of regaining my father's good opinion, was at once to proceed to the Abbey. My mother sent her kindest love, assuring me that she would do all in her power to get the past buried in oblivion.

"And when did you leave home, John?" I enquired.

"Last evening, at seven o'clock. The coach reached Lavant about half-past five, just as Sir William was passing the 'Bat and Ball,' on his way home, when your packet was given him. Oh! Master Arthur! he did take on in such a way, that at first I thought you were very ill, or had met with an accident; but no sooner did we reach the Abbey, than I received orders to hold myself in readiness to proceed to London, and shortly after, my Lady sent for me, and delivered me Sir William's letter, and this sovereign, in case your money ran short, telling me that I was at once to proceed on horseback to Horndean, there to catch the Portsmouth mail. I had a sharpish ride of it, but just got in time to see 'Marksman,' well groomed before I left. The roads were awfully dirty."

John Huckle might have spared himself the latter remark: for his usually neat dress was "stain'd with the variation of each soil," very

much after the fashion of that of Sir Walter Blunt on his ride from Holmedon to the court of the fourth Henry.

"And how are we to return to the Abbey?" I enquired. "I must take Halden with me; and probably there will not be room for three by the coach so near to Christmas."

The coachman looked surprised when I talked of the trusty Joe; but I soon made him acquainted with all particulars respecting his devotion to me; and he consented to give him a seat in the post-chaise, which, in an hour and a half, was to be at the door to convey us on our way to my ancestral home.

"I left word at Godalming, Ripley, and Kingston, that we should want horses," proceeded Huckle, "so if we are off from here by nine o'clock, we shall have time for some dinner at Moon's, and get to the Abbey by the hour we are expected."

"But we shall all require breakfast before we start," I remarked. "John, you must be hungry as well as tired."

"Why, I do feel a little peckish, Master

Arthur," he replied. "And, while you are dressing, I'll just take a little something, and then drive on to Bellevue House to get your trunk, I have got a letter from Sir William to Doctor Burls, authorizing me to take your things away."

Huckle had got as far as the door, when a sudden thought seemed to come across his mind. "You'll excuse me, Master Arthur," proceeded the coachman, in rather a hesitating manner, "I don't mean any offence; but, I trust—I say, I trust—that, in my absence, you won't give me the double. It would break your dear mother's heart if you were to stay away any longer in London; and it would be as much as my place is worth to return to the Abbey without you."

"I give you my honour, John Huckle," responded I, grasping his hand in good fellowship, "that I will not stir from this house until you come back; and, if you doubt my word, which I should be sorry to think you did, take my purse, and depend upon it, the waiter, who

watches our movements very suspiciously, will keep us in pawn until we settle the bill."

"Forgive me, Master Arthur," proceeded he. "I've dangled you in my arms when you were a babby ; and, although since you've grown up, you have been an oudacious young radical, and, I have no doubt, have often played your pranks off against me, I never knew you to break your word, or get another into trouble."

"Thank you, John," I responded, "I hope I shall never give you any cause to change your good opinion of me, but had not Joe better fetch you a hackney coach ? and, remember, if any inquiries are made about him, say that he has got an excellent situation, rather a better one than he had at Bellevue House, where, for the valuable consideration of half-a-crown a week, and the fat flaps of cold shoulders of mutton, swankey, weak coffee, and a present of ten shillings at Christmas ; he cleaned shoes for five and twenty boys, waited on the Doctor, answered the bell, ran messages, assisted the maids, for which he was rewarded with nothing more valuable than smiles and ogles, brushed



clothes, rubbed up the plate, filled the coal-skuttles, and did all the odd jobs for the house."

"I'll attend to all you say, Master Arthur, good-bye for the present."

Nothing could have been more satisfactory to me than to have it in my power to replace the money I had borrowed from Halden, and having settled with him, I ordered the hotel bill to be made out, and anxiously awaited the return of Huckle. As a matter of course, on his reappearance, my first anxiety was to ascertain whether my comrades had suffered for my misdoings, and was happy to hear, that a general amnesty had ensued on my departure; Edkins had been allowed to join his school-fellows, and finding no one to oppose him, had returned to his former bullying propensities.

At nine o'clock the chaise was at the door, and as it was a cold wintry day, we managed to make room for all three inside; having stowed away the luggage in front, paid the bill, feed the waiter, chambermaid, and ostler, off we rattled at a smart trot, for the first stage,

Kingston. No event occurred on the road ; at Godalming we found mutton chops ready for us, mutton chops such as (with the exception of Dixon's, at Henley) could not be equalled in those days, and can scarcely be obtained in the present. As we changed horses at Midhurst, my spirits sank a little at the thought that I should shortly be in the presence of my justly offended parent ; but Huckle encouraged me with the assurance that my mother had, in a great degree, appeased the anger of my father, by showing him a letter from the brother of one of my school-fellows, in which he pointed out " my gallant conduct," as he termed it, " in defending the weak from the tyranny of the bully, Edkins."

It was dark, long before we entered the park ; as we approached the house, the lights on the old Abbey walls, and the lamp in the hall, which shone through the uncurtained window, gave a cheery look, and raised my spirits ; and it was not until we drew up to the door, and Humphrey made his appearance, that my courage entirely forsook me. My heart

palpitated violently, my limbs shook, and I broke out into a violent perspiration.

“Here, Master Arthur!” exclaimed the well known voice of Mrs. Swacliffe, as I descended the rattling steps of the chaise, “my lady wishes to see you in her dressing-room, before you go to Sir William!”

I pass over the scene which took place. My mother’s kindness and affection was such, that it would have melted the hardest heart, and mine was still open to tender impressions; bursting into a flood of tears, I promised obedience to her and my father’s wishes. Taking me by the hand, and brushing away the drops that would force themselves down my cheeks, she led me across the hall, and there I encountered General Malcolm, the owner of the carriage I had so wantonly defaced, by numbering it as a hackney coach.

“Come here, my boy,” said he, “I have just left your father; Lady Pembroke has probably told you, that I received a letter from my nephew, Edward Purchas, full of your praises. Sir William is aware of all the circumstances

which induced you to quit school, so don't be down-hearted ; you are a fine fellow, and gave that young purse-proud citizen what he richly deserved—a good licking.”

How my conscience smote me! when I thought of General Malcolm's return of good for evil, and how much more would it have smitten me, had I been aware, that this gallant officer, who was looked upon as mean by the pampered servants, supported an aged father and mother out of his miserable half-pay pittance, and the pension which he had nobly earned at the cannon's mouth.

We entered my father's presence, and the kindly expression of his countenance restored me to peace of mind. “Arthur,” said he, “I have heard much in your favour, since you have been at Doctor Burls'. You have proved yourself a truthful, brave, and noble boy. You at once gave yourself up to prevent suspicion falling on the innocent ; at the same time, practical jokes are highly to be censured, as being most ungentlemanlike. What may be fun to you, is productive of the greatest misery

to others. Poor Malcolm's carriage cost him, or rather would have cost him a month's pay, if I had not fortunately heard of the jest you played him, and prevented his being put to that wasteful expense. Be warned in future, the past is overlooked, and if you can get dressed in time for dinner, your mother and myself will be delighted to see you. Before you leave me, I ought to add, that Malcolm has done much to soften down my anger."

Need I say, that with a light heart I soon made my toilet, ably assisted by my new valet Joe, who to my great delight, Swacliffe informed me, had received permission to take the place of the steward's room boy, whose ill health prevented his longer remaining in service. The dinner went off in that convivial manner, dinners were wont to go off in, when perhaps a somewhat immoderate excess of generous wine brightened the intellect and spirits of the male party, and when host and guest did not, as is too often the case in the present day, vie with each other as to who should be the most inattentive in replenishing or passing the

bottle. The topics of the day were freely discussed—the sports of the morning were talked over—the fun I had experienced at Bellevue House, without giving myself up as the mischeivous author of it, was listened to with avidity; and the stories of Mrs. Redpath's wig, the exchange of the tickets, and the visit of Lady Edkins, created the greatest merriment.

Some days were allowed to elapse before any allusion was made to my future life, but I gleaned from "Joseph" as he was now called, that Anne, the housemaid, told him that Mrs. Swacliffe had informed her, that Mr. Humphrey had overheard a conversation between my father and mother, in which it had been agreed, that for the present, at least, a tutor at home would be more desirable than sending me to another private or public school. No sooner was I made aware of my parents' intentions, than I bethought me of poor Winterburn, whose salary at Bellevue House was as small as his labours were great, and I was about to broach the subject to my mother, when chance threw me

into the way of the man I had so shamefully treated, the brave Malcolm.

"What say you to driving me over to the barracks?" said the General. "Sir William has kindly lent me the pony carriage."

"I shall be delighted," I responded, "and whenever you are ready, I will go to the stables and bring it round."

"I propose, Arthur," continued he, "to go immediately after breakfast, the 7th Hussars are quartered there, and I wish to see their horses during stable time; my friend the Major, who once served under my command, will be happy to give us luncheon."

During our drive, the conversation turned upon Doctor Burls; and I strenuously urged the General to exert his influence with my father to engage Mr. Winterburn as my home tutor. To my request, he readily acquiesced; and, upon this fabric, I built many a castle in the air, in which I pictured to myself the gratitude of the usher, and the smile of approbation from the beautiful Mary.

Upon reaching the barracks, we were warmly

welcomed by the officers, who vied with each other in attention towards us, partly on account of the General's well-merited reputation, and my father's popularity. We visited the troopers' and officers' stables, and, finally, the mess-room, where an excellent lunch was laid out. Before coming away, I had communicated to the commanding officer a message from Sir William, to the effect that he trusted all the officers would, in rotation, by sets of four, dine and sleep at the Abbey, after a few days' shooting or hunting, as might be most agreeable. The formal invitation I entrusted to the Colonel, who gladly availed himself of it for the following day, promising to be over early with a party of four to make up a game of tennis.

General Malcolm, I soon discovered, had been as good as his word, and, before dinner, had gained both my parents' consent to write to Mr. Winterburn, to ascertain whether he felt disposed to quit Bellevue House for the Abbey. I ought here to state that, previous to my leaving Doctor Burls, the usher had, from some supposed slight, or, in reality, from having taken my part when



unjustly attacked, received notice that his services would not be required after the ensuing vacation. By the same post that conveyed the General's letter, I wrote a few lines to Winterburn, saying that the secret he had confided to me, had, and would ever, remain sacred in my breast. In due course of time, an answer came from the usher, expressing his most grateful acknowledgments for the offer made to him, and gladly availing himself of it, provided his daughter's presence in the neighbourhood would not prove an objection. He then entered at large into the particulars of his early marriage with Miss Westbrook, the birth of his child, and her dependence upon him. In conclusion, he left the terms to my father, of whose honourable and liberal conduct he was fully aware.

"Westbrook!" said my father. "I remember, when I was quartered at Ipswich some years ago, hearing of a romantic love affair at Cambridge, between a student and the daughter of one of the most sporting yeomen in the county; the age of the daughter quite agrees with the date, and if Winterburn is really the

hero of the adventure, I shall have additional gratification in serving him."

"And I have no doubt," chimed in my mother, "that I should be able to place Mary," how I coloured up when I heard the name of my charmer so affectionately mentioned, "with Mrs. Marsham at Drayton; the poor old lady is getting very infirm, and wants a companion to read to her, and assist in the needlework."

The preliminaries being arranged, my father wrote, himself, to the usher, now about to be raised to the rank of tutor, (or, as Malcolm irreverently called it, cub-leader,) to say that he should be happy to retain his valuable services at a hundred pounds a-year, and that Lady Pembroke would see his daughter safely placed under the charge of an old and valued house-keeper, who resided with her widowed daughter and grand-children within a few miles of the Abbey.

The day at length arrived, when at an early hour, some half-dozen post-chaises, a few hackney-coaches, not to omit Lady Edkins' town chariot, were in attendance at Bellevue House, to convey

the pupils of that academy to their respective homes. One vehicle remained outside the walls. It contained a girl full of smiles and tears, smiles at the thought of being near her father in his new and honourable position, and tears at leaving her companions at Mrs. Cotton's. In a few moments, she was joined by her affectionate parent, dressed in a new suit of sables, the make of which did full justice to the Kennington Stulz.

"Make the best of your way to the 'Golden Cross,'" said the delighted Winterburn, as he drove from the door of a house in which he had been treated more like a menial, than a man of classical taste and education, and whose services had been rewarded with a miserable stipend of twenty pounds a-year, out of which he was expected to find his own washing, and dress himself in a respectable manner.

As I had been made acquainted with my tutor's movements, I obtained permission to meet the coach, and convey him and his daughter to the Abbey, where they were both to remain for the night.

I pass over the joy I experienced at once again shaking Mr. Winterburn by the hand, and welcoming Mary to Sussex. Joe's delight, too, was excessive, at seeing the only individual for whom he had ever felt a respect at Bellevue House, in such improved circumstances.

My father and mother received the newcomers with every mark of attention and courtesy, thus placing them entirely at their ease; and there were few happier beings in existence than my tutor, Mary Winterburn, and myself, when we assembled to drink tea in the room appropriated to our use.

On the following morning, my mother drove the young girl over to Drayton, assuring her before parting, that she would ever be a welcome guest at the Abbey, whenever Mrs. Marsham could spare her from the duties attached to the new situation in which she was about to be engaged.

## CHAPTER IV.

“What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day, eating, working and sleeping!—but we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters.”—REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.

“TIME circled on,” and I had attained my fourteenth year. I have passed over the period that occurred between the arrival of my tutor and my natal day, because it produced no event worth recording. Under Mr. Winterburn’s judicious management, I progressed considerably in my studies, and was no longer the mischievous pickle I have described myself in a previous chapter, and what had brought about

this wonderful change? the influence of a young unsophisticated girl, only a few years my senior in age. Mary had improved in looks and mind; but it must be left to the reader's fancy to depict the gradual development of her character—its gentleness, its purity, its warm sensibility, and all its fascinating qualities. I have already remarked that there was a meditative tone about the young girl, but in this air of pensive thoughtfulness, there was nothing that approached the sombre, or the sad. Since her visit to Sussex, it had been relieved and almost banished by the smiles which rose in rapid succession. Her countenance, beautiful in itself, was capable of great variety of expression, and the play of feature revealed the inmost emotion of the soul, the cheek now beaming with pleasure, now filled with thought; the eye now brilliant with light, now deepening into repose, or melting with tenderness. Mary and myself were constantly thrown together. When she came over to the Abbey, I was always her escort back; in her walks I accompanied her, in the evenings I was ever at her side, for I had

struck up a violent friendship with Mrs. Marsham, and always found an excuse for going over to Drayton. Months passed away in this pleasant but dangerous delirium, Mary was not unconscious of the ascendancy she had gained over my mind ; but she would have denied even to herself, that any feeling beyond regard for the son of her father's benefactor influenced her conduct. Winterburn was so thoroughly engrossed between his duties to me, and devotion to his daughter, that the danger of allowing two young persons to be constantly together never seemed to enter his head, and my father and mother, who had witnessed, with great satisfaction, the rapid strides I had made in learning, and the improvement that had taken place in my general conduct, attributed it solely to the attention my tutor had bestowed upon me. Feeling how serious a loss it would be to part with Mr. Winterburn, at a time when, under his guidance, I was getting on so well, and perfectly unconscious that an incipient sort of love was lurking in my breast, my parents did all in their power to render his situation comfortable,

and knowing the depth of affection he felt for his child, they permitted him to enjoy unlimited intercourse with her. Poor old Mrs. Marsham had become bed-ridden, and a nurse had taken Mary's place, the latter being removed to the Abbey, where my mother, with a delicacy of feeling that redounded to her credit, installed her as a companion, her duties being to read to her, and answer notes—a perfect sinecure be it remarked—but one which placed the young girl in a position that commanded respect, and did not interfere with the prerogative of Mrs. Swacliffe, who was heard to declare that “Miss Winterburn was very well—rather nice looking—a little too Italianish, but one who entirely kept herself in her place, and it's fortunate for her,” she added, “that she does, or I'd soon let her know that I'm not a person to be put upon.” Perhaps one motive that influenced the abigail in her patronizing speech, was the assistance she had received from Mary, in translating sundry French phrases, which Monsieur Gallois, now in the ascendancy, had intermixed with his love epistles, upon one occasion in



alluding to "dat monstere Homphray," he added, "Il vous dira de belles paroles, mais ne vous y fiez pas," the dictionary was referred to, but the only part Mrs. Swacliffe could translate was "handsome words," the conjugation, moods, tenses, and numbers, of the verbs had never been part of her education, the concluding phrase was equally incomprehensible: "Suis-je aimé?" "Suie soot, je I, aimé beloved." "What can the Mounseer mean? this is the strangest 'billy ducks' I ever received, gibberish like, soot indeed," and suiting the action to the word, she threw the pink coloured note under the grate. Since Mary had taken up her residence at the Abbey, she not only translated Monsieur Gallois' tender effusions, but enabled "Mademoiselle Svacleef," as he called her, to reply in the same language, much to the surprise of the "Cordon bleu," when he read the following sentence, inviting him to play at cards one evening, which the writer had not spelt as correctly as it had been repeated to her by the young instructress:

"Juerons-nou, oh, carte, cer swar, MATILDA."

Mrs. Swacliffe's leisure hours were now entirely devoted to the study of the French language, not exactly upon the principle recommended by professors, but after a manner peculiarly her own. She was in the habit of learning by heart a variety of phrases, which she pronounced with a pure English accent, not much to the edification of her Gallic admirer, who albeit too well bred to pretend not to understand, was generally at a loss to comprehend her meaning. One day the *femme-de-chambre* was setting her cap, as was her invariable custom, at a new comer, a "gentleman's gentleman," recently imported from the continent. She had become rather *enweed*, (I quote her own word), with the attentions and inflated compliments of Monsieur Gallois, who compared her face and form to all the beauties of the Heathen Mythology, when, with the utmost ingenuousness, she quietly referred to her French and English dictionary, and replied: "Au dessus du gauche, c'est tout mon œil et mon coude," at the same time significantly touching the parts alluded to.

At the above period of my life, I was, as many boys are, thrown into the society of the house-keeper's, or as it was invariably called *the* room, and an insight into that snuggery may not be uninteresting to the reader ; the High Life Below Stairs, so admirably depicted by a divine, the Reverend James Townley, is not an exaggerated sketch, it is what existed in the days I write of, and may, for all I know to the contrary, be carried on to the present time, indeed I am much disposed to believe, that the "My Lord Dukes," the "Sir Harrys," and "Lady Babs," of the reign of George the Third, are equalled, if not eclipsed, by those of the reign of Queen Victoria.

*The* room was a good sized airy apartment, opening into a small garden leading to the dairy, it was bounded on one side by the kitchen, and on the other by the still-room, and servants' hall. A huge fire of wood and coal blazed in the hearth, the cupboard displayed a goodly show of china, while the linen presses could boast of the finest damask ; the ornaments consisted of various prints of the Pem-

broke family, a mirror in an antique oval frame, adorned with an eagle in gold, from whose beak hung two chains, a fine screen covered with red merino, and window curtains to match. The mantle piece exhibited sundry specimens of cracked and cemented Indian ware, "presents from Brighton," porcelain jars, some shells, a stuffed canary bird under a glass shade, fancy pin-cushions from Tunbridge, a watch-stand of Derbyshire spar, and a paper weight of Matlock marble; a book-case, sundry easy and a dozen dining-room chairs, a large oval mahogany table, a rosewood chiffonier, and two card tables, with a footstool, the exclusive property of the presiding lady, formed the useful furniture. By the side of the fire, in her own particular chair, with her feet resting on the fender, or the above mentioned stool, might be seen Mrs. Swaccliffe in all the pride and dignity of her situation; her time divided between scolding Jane and Elizabeth, the still-room and housemaids; altering a silk dress, which she had persuaded her lady to cast off, as being much too short waisted for

the prevailing fashion, ogling the cook, humming the air of a popular quadrille, simpering and showing her white teeth when addressed by the butler ; snubbing, the groom of the chambers, who had commented on her age ; and reading by snatches, a novel of the Minerva Press school, entitled "The Forsaken One, or the Broken Heart." There, too, appeared the French artist, seated near his inamorata, busily occupied in disentangling a skein of silk, which she, in a fit of temper, had wished in that far-famed distant land, Jericho, while Mr. Humphrey, in front of the looking-glass, was employing his valuable time in arranging the luxuriant crop of whiskers which nature had bestowed upon him, and patting down a stray curl over his forehead ; and the visitors to the room, of which there were daily a considerable number, the ladies'-maids and valets of the guests staying in the house, amused themselves as best they could.

Upon dinner being announced by the under-butler, Mr. Humphrey, offering his arm, led Mrs.

Swacliffe to the steward's room, where they proceeded to find fault with sundry dishes, which, despite of their denunciations, they partook of with evident appetite, if not gusto. The meal concluded, the party adjourned to *the* room, where pastry, cakes, jellies, creams, ices, fruit, wine, and liqueurs were plentifully displayed, and where the conversation turned upon politics, scandal, the meanness of the higher orders, and the enormous sacrifices those employed had to make.

Within six hours of dinner, tea, with hot cakes and rolls, was announced, followed at nine by a supper, consisting of the best *entrées* and *entremets* that Monsieur Gallois could save from Sir William's table, which, in addition to a breakfast of ham, new-laid eggs, bacon, broils, kidneys and hashes, and luncheon of cold meat, and the unlimited run of the ale cellar, formed the five meals for which these ill-used, half-starved and sadly neglected servants grumbled at, and who, be it remarked, devoured more in one day than would have kept them for a month, before entering service, or during the period they were

out of place, or on board wages. As an illustration of the above remark, we will give a slight dramatic sketch of the sayings and doings of the above-mentioned worthies. The scene, a housekeeper's room, A.D. 1823, a tea-table set out.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS (commonly called MRS.) MATHILDA SWACLIFFE, Housekeeper and Lady's Maid at Pembroke Abbey.

MRS. ROPER, "Fat, fair and forty," *femme-de-chambre* to the Honourable Mrs. Montgomery.

MRS. STACEY, Young Ladies' Maid to the Miss Eustons, a spinster of forty-nine, a hideous, skinny, cross, crabbed frump, and a great lover of scandal.

MR. HUMPHREY, Butler at Pembroke Abbey, vain of his person, and proud of his whiskers.

MR. WYATT, Groom of the Chamber, an elegant young man, with a tenor voice, famed

for the pathetic manner in which he sings  
"Mary, I believed thee true," and "The  
Thorn."

MONSIEUR GALLOIS, *Chef-de-cuisine*, pupil of  
the celebrated 'Valentin Eustache Robert  
Briffaut of the Café Riché, at Paris.

*Visitors.*

MESSRS. ACTON, MONRO, and POWELL, "Gen-  
tlemens' gentlemen."

[*Bell rings. MRS. SWACLIFFE yawns and ca-  
resses the cat, which she presents with a  
new collar of blue satin ribbon. Bell rings  
again.*]

*Mrs. Swacliffe.* Why, what can my lady  
want? It is really too bad to disturb one during  
meals [*yawns.*] I suppose she expects me to  
finish her dress for to-morrow night. If I do, I  
do; but if I do, I'll be whipped. [*The French-  
man stares at the allusion to this self-infliction  
of punishment. MRS. S. proceeds.*] All I  
can say is, I won't be humbugged about; and,  
if this continues, I'll soon show her what's



what, and give warning. [*The housekeeper rises, arranges her dress, kicks the cat, and exit.*]

*Mr. Humphrey.* My Lady is rather — [*crossing his two fore-fingers, significantly alluding to the housekeeper's temper.*]

*Mons. Gallois.* Point du tout—not a t'all. Elle ne se porte pas bien ; elle a mal à la tête. She no well ; she's bad headache.

*Mrs. Roper.* It's very provoking. I was obliged to leave my last situation because I never had time to enjoy a good meal.

*Mrs. Stacey* [*aside*]. Her looks belie that assertion—dropsical very ; or perhaps something worse.

*Mr. Monro.* And how does the Colonel get on with Mrs. Montgomery ? It was a regular case last September at Brighton.

*Mrs. Roper.* Oh, fie ! Mr. Monro, you are so very severe. But how long have you left the Colonel ?

*Mr. Munro.* A month last Tuesday. There were many disagreeables. No perquisites. He wore his clothes too long, and gave his linen

away to the poor. Besides, he only allowed five shillings a day travelling money.

*Omnes.* Indeed ! Ah ! that's like them. They are all getting very mean.

[*The front door bell rings. Exeunt MESSRS. HUMPHREY and WYATT. A gentle tap is now heard at the door ; and a female voice exclaims : " Please, Monsieur Gallois, you're wanted." The Frenchman retires, having made an appointment with a woman cook in the neighbourhood, formerly a kitchen-maid, who, for the small consideration of two sovereigns, was to receive an ornamental basket, filled with the choicest pastry.*]

*Mrs. Stacey [loquitur.]* Really, how very provoking it is ! I wonder when we shall have tea. I've half a mind to ring for the urn.

*Mrs. Roper.* Poor dear Mrs. Swacliffe ! I pity her very much. She, like myself, has been very unfortunate in her situations. No comforts, disturbed at one's meals, and could only, with great trouble, realize four-and-twenty pounds

when Lady Pembroke looked through her wardrobe.

*Mrs. Stacey.* Really! but she must have kept some back; for I verily believe that the velvet cloak she wore last Sunday at the Cathedral had been her ladyship's, notwithstanding her assurance that she gave four pounds eighteen and ninepence for it, and considered it a great bargain.

*Mrs. Roper.* You don't mean to say so. Well, I have before been given to understand that she did not at all times speak the truth.

*Mr. Powell.* To change the subject, how does the Sussex air agree with you ladies?

*Mrs. Stacey.* Oh! I'm wretchedly uncomfortable—so cold; and I, who have always been accustomed to a cheery fire in my bedroom, am nearly frozen.

*Mr. Acton.* I did hear that Pembroke's people kept a good table; but I've been sadly disappointed. The *fricandeau* last night was not eatable.

*Mr. Powell.* And the woodcocks were done to a cinder.

*Mr. Munro.* The fact is Gallois is so smitten with Mrs. Swacliffe, that he is thinking of her instead of attending to his duty. It's a match, of course. They've kept company for the last six months.

*Mrs. Stacey.* A match ! Well, I did hear that Monsieur Gallois has a wife, who keeps a lodging-house near Golden Square, or some out-of-the-way place ; but people are so ill-natured. [*A loud cough gives a hint to the party that the household are returning ; and, upon their entrance, the conversation takes another and more amiable turn.*]

Enough has been said to show what actually does take place in some large houses, we trust and believe there are very many honourable exceptions, and that as in all classes, there are good and bad subjects. My motive in giving so minute a detail of what took place, in the room at the Abbey, is to account for an event, which came like a thunderbolt upon me, and which proved the truth of the old saying, that there is no happiness in this world without an

alloy, namely, the sudden departure of Mary Winterburn. It was quite evident from her father's manner, that nothing had been said to hurt his feelings, indeed he seemed to be perfectly reconciled at the proposed absence. The statement made to me was, that Lady Pembroke thought it a great disadvantage for the young girl, who was so excellent a work-woman, to waste her valuable time in a situation that would not be permanent, and she was about to get her placed in the establishment of a most respectable milliner in London ; this was the story that ran through the house, and seemed not to be an improbable one ; after a time, however, the real motive oozed out, and almost maddened me with vexation. It appeared, as Mrs. Swacliffe confidentially reported to me, that an anonymous letter had been addressed to Sir William and Lady Pembroke, informing them that Miss Winterburn was doing all in her power to captivate their son, and that her father was conniving at it.

"Now," continued my informant, "we all know who the wretch is that wrote the letter,

no other than that villain Humphrey ; he has taken a jealous freak in his head against Monsieur Gallois, and because Miss Winterburn was obliging enough to assist me in my French, he has vented his spleen against her ; but I'll let him know, I won't put up with it, and if he remains, I, and Monsieur Gallois, and Mr. Wyatt, are determined to give warning."

The result may easily be foretold ; open war was declared against the offender ; and the united forces of the housekeeper, groom of the chambers, aided by their most powerful French ally, the cook, formed a phalanx as strong as that, which, in 1815, bound themselves to hurl Napoleon the First from the throne, and which, in the present instance, was attended with equal success.

Anonymous writers are never very popular in a household, because no one knows when next his or her turn may arrive to be an object of the dastardly attack ; so the moment the letter was brought home to the butler, as it was through the instrumentality of my old friend Halden, every voice was raised against him.

Joe's lynx eyes had seen Mr. Humphrey post the letter at the neighbouring village office, and by way of making assurance doubly sure, he had ascertained that no other had previously been put into the box. For a length of time this faithful servant had been suspicious that all was not going on right; upon one occasion, Humphrey had asked him to direct a letter in a feigned hand to Sir William, assuring him that it was a harmless jest got up in the room; upon another, he heard from the postman, that the butler had asked him to put a letter in at Chichester, as it had not been in time to go with the others in the bag, and which precious document being directed to Lady Pembroke, was brought back to the house by the postman, who imagined that it was some mistake, as being at the Abbey, it was a round about way to send it through the town some three or four miles off.

Upon the affair being reported to my father, he at once sent for the culprit, charged him openly with the offence, which not being denied, he gave him notice to leave. In vain did

Humphrey attempt to palliate his conduct, on the plea of wishing to serve the family, my father was inexorable; an anonymous writer, a slanderer, a cowardly assassin, who could stab a man in the dark, was in his eyes the greatest villain in the whole catalogue of crime, murder or violence to females excepted. Would that the rest of the world followed his example, how much misery would be spared; how often has a fiend-like epistle sown the seeds of discord between those who have vowed to love and cherish one another until death does them part—how often has the character of the purest creature been sullied by the pestilential breath of the hidden foe—how often has a ban been placed on the innocent by some infamous calumniator—how often has the affection of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters been severed by the machinations of unseen false accusers.

No sooner had the butler received notice to hand over his plate, previous to leaving the Abbey, than his summary discharge became known to all the establishment. "Serve him



right," exclaimed one. "They've sacked him at last," said another. "I knew he'd soon be found out," chimed in a third. "He's feathered his nest pretty well," remarked a fourth, while a fifth declared "that he had brought his pigs to a pretty market."

As the crest-fallen master of the cellar passed the door of the servant's hall, sounds of rejoicing reached his ears, and the under butler in a very different manner from that which he had formerly adopted towards his superior, asked what hour would suit him for giving over the plate, but the climax of his annoyance was upon his entrance into the room, where he was met with profound silence.

A cough from Mrs. Swacliffe seemed to put every one on their guard, the housekeeper devoted her exclusive attention to the novel already mentioned. Gallois occupied himself with his bill of fare ; the groom of the chamber appeared deeply occupied with an old newspaper, and the rest of the party followed suit. The urn was brought in, and the hot cakes were placed on the table ; the housekeeper became

thoroughly affable, she smiled, smirked, and did the honours to every one except the newly elected member for Coventry, as she jocosely called him; the Frenchman renewed his attentions, the groom of the chambers uttered soft nothings to Mrs. Roper, and the "gentlemen's gentlemen" gave up their undivided attention to Mrs. Stacey, who was enlightening them with an *escapade* that had lately taken place in high life. Poor Humphrey looked the picture of dismay, no one took the slightest notice of his presence, a cup and saucer was passed to him in dumb show, and he was obliged to "sweaten his tea to his own liking." Affairs went on in this way until supper time, when the embers that had long been smouldering, burst out into a blaze, or what in the slang phraseology of the present day, would be called a "flare up."

Mr. Humphrey, anxious to propitiate the party, had sent in a couple of bottles of champagne; but with the greatest magnanimity they one and all passed the well-iced Sillery. This self-sacrifice was duly rewarded by a present

from Monsieur Gallois of a huge bowl of Regent punch ; a beverage very much in vogue at that time.

Toasts and sentiments were the order of the evening, the hilarity of which was kept up till a late hour, my father and mother happening to dine out. Before the bowl was drained, the ladies complained that it was much too strong, as they were not in the habit of drinking any thing but the mildest liquor ; upon which, Mrs. Swacliffe went to her private cupboard, and produced two bottles of home-made elder wine as she called it, but which from the odour that filled the room, gave strong evidence that the shrub, whether native or foreign, was considerably impregnated with Jamaica rum.

After a time, the strength of the different liquids began to produce an alarming effect, and the mercury soon rose from temperate to fever heat, from fine weather to stormy.

An unguarded remark of Monsieur Gallois' called forth an angry rejoinder from Mr. Humphrey, one word led to another, Mrs. Swacliffe espoused her Gallic admirer's cause ; to adopt

her own expression, "her monkey was up;" Mr. Humphrey retorted at the expense of her propriety, which so infuriated the Frenchman, that he, boiling with rage, and looking as if he could "spit" his former rival on the spot, talked of satisfaction, and threatened *la vengeance*, one "grand revenge!"

At the mention of these words, the house-keeper gave an hysterical scream and fainted away; in her fall, she came in contact with the thin, scraggy, fragile form of Mrs. Stacey, who, although well protected with wadding and crinoline, was in reality little better than an *anatomie vivante*, hence the soubriquet "Much ado about nothing."

With a view of saving herself, Mrs. Swacliffe had grasped tightly hold of her sister Abigail's dress, and brought her down with her, both floundering on the rug.

Mrs. Roper, who, we have already remarked, was "as broad as she was long," ran, or rather waddled away as fast as her corpulence would admit of, to procure *sal volatile*, while the Frenchman darted off to the larder, to get some

feathers to burn under the nostril of his Dulcinea. Upon their return, every attempt was made to restore consciousness, but without any apparent success.

"Oh! let her alone, she'll soon come round," said Mr. Humphrey with a malicious sneer, excited with the enormous draughts of champagne he had quaffed to drown his care. "A drop of her *home-made* cordial will produce a wonderful effect."

"The wretch! how infamous! If you dare to repeat such an untruth," exclaimed Mrs. Swacliffe, suddenly starting up, "I'll teach you to know whom you are talking to."

"Try a glass," continued the butler in an aggravating manner, "it will do your nerves good."

Upon this second provocation, the enraged female could no longer curb her temper, and after sundry anathemas, seized the hearth-broom, and was about to inflict summary punishment upon the head of her once devoted admirer, when Gallois threw himself into the breach, by stepping between the two belligerent

powers, and declaring he would shed the last drop of his blood for the calumniated fair one.

Mr. Humphrey finding a champion of his own sex ready to enter the lists, began to square his arms, when the Frenchman, knowing his inferiority in a pugilistic encounter, like a second Baillie Nicoll Jarvie, seized a red hot poker, which he brandished in the air, and threatened to use it as a salamander upon his human victim. The ladies now became frightened, and gave way to the most frightful screams. The "gentlemen's gentlemen" did their best to pacify the contending parties, but in vain.

Affairs were now looking serious, for the butler was trying to get near the fire-place to secure the shovel or tongs, with a view of disarming his foe, when a loud ringing at the hall-bell announced the return of my father and mother.

This fortunately put an end to the fray, and from that moment the discarded servant confined himself to his own room, until the period arrived for his departure, when he left the house to the evident satisfaction of all, and to

no one more than myself, he having been the cause of driving Mary Winterburn from the society of one, who even at so tender an age, felt the deepest interest for the young and beautiful girl.

The following morning was settled for Mary's departure, and although nothing could exceed the kindness of her father towards his daughter and myself, I could not help remarking that he never left us for a moment together. No objection was made to my driving them to meet the coach, but all opportunity of saying a few words in private was debarred me; as I handed her into the coach, I grasped her hand, pressed it to my heart, and vowed eternal constancy. Mary was silent, but her eloquent eyes told me she felt deeply, and as she leant back, a flood of tears came to her relief, and she was whirled away before I had time to renew my protestations.

Not a word was uttered during our drive home, which I attributed to the grief of my tutor at parting with his cherished offspring; and as I was in no mood for study, I passed

the remainder of the day thinking of the absent one, and "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

My father and mother redoubled their exertions to cheer up my spirits, but in vain ; Mrs. Swacliffe did her best to make me merry by reciting the adventure which I have just recorded, and Monsieur Gallois devoted his best energies to my service, by preparing me a dish, which, despite my wish not to hurt the sensitive feelings of the artist, I could not touch.

Anxious to hear more of my charmer's history, and finding that no one at the Abbey seemed disposed to talk of her, I walked over in the afternoon to Drayton, to converse with the old housekeeper upon the only topic that could interest me.

From her, I heard of Mary's early days before the period she had taken up her residence with Mrs. Colton at Kennington.

Winterburn's maiden sister, whose sole object in life was to do good, had sent the young creature to school, where the first principles of the "one thing needful" were instilled into her



mind. She was afterwards placed at a finishing academy, not one of those fashionable establishments where "young ladies are taken in and—done for," but the house of a conscientious instructress, who devoted her best energies to the spiritual welfare of those entrusted to her charge. Nor was she satisfied with attending to the "inward thoughts and counsels of the heart," for it was here that Mary had gained that proficiency in the French language, which, in her anxiety to serve my mother's maid, had proved so fatal to my hopes.

After some years' residence at this academy, the young girl was apprenticed to Mrs. Colton, Miss Winterburn feeling that her own fortune which she had bequeathed to her niece, was not sufficient to enable her to live in idleness, even if it had been her desire so to do.

Mrs. Marsham was full of Mary's praises, and gave me traits of her character, which entirely confirmed the impression I had previously formed, that she possessed every virtue under the sun.

It will not be worth while to recount all the

extravagant follies I was guilty of, to prove the devotion I felt for the object of my idolatry. Suffice it to say, I wrote verses, love-letters, and cut her initials and my own upon many an aged tree, under whose shelter we had often held sweet converse together.

Now, although, as I have already remarked, I had written many high-flown, poetical and prose effusions, the difficulty was how to have them delivered; for no one except my mother and Mr. Winterburn seemed to be aware of Mary's present residence, and neither of the above could I well refer to for information upon such a topic. Every one to whom I broached the subject, seemed to think the absent fair was, in what Theodore Hook calls, "that scene of sin and sea-coal" London; but the whereabouts was a mystery not likely to be solved.

Upon the second morning after Mary's departure, a letter addressed to Mr. Winterburn was placed on the breakfast table, but as I felt it would be a breach of honour, even to look at the post-mark, I took no notice whatever of the epistle, further than to casting a glance at the

handwriting, which appeared to me to be that of my charmer. Nor was I wrong in my surmise; for my tutor, after reading the contents, calmly remarked that I should be glad to hear his daughter had reached her destination in safety. Delighted I was that she had met with no accident on the road, but to make my happiness complete, the *locale* was wanting.

Thinking that it was more than probable, that Mrs. Swacliffe was aware of Mary's retreat, I did all in my power to ingratiate myself with her, so much so, that I nearly raised a jealous feeling in the breast of the infatuated Frenchman, and which was the means of eventually bringing about an *éclaircissement* upon a subject far different from that which entirely engrossed my mind. No sooner had Mr. Humphrey taken his departure, and (as the housekeeper remarked,) "the coast was clear," than that lady naturally expected Monsieur Gallois would "pop the question," but although the *chef* renewed his protestations, not a word was said about marriage, or as the Americans call it, "noose items." Mrs. Swacliffe

exerted all her powers of fascination, coquetry and sentiment, to hasten the momentous question, but without effect. The hints she gave, that "people began to talk," were disregarded; the inuendoes that "men were deceivers" passed unnoticed; the suggestion that "a hearth of her own would be so agreeable," called forth no reply. She then tried to pique her admirer, by praising Mr. Simpson, the under-butler, who had been promoted, vice Humphrey, "dismissed the service;" but the attempt proved abortive, for albeit it raised the choler of the Frenchman, like the man in the song he would not propose. Affairs went on in this way for some days, when the patience of the Abigail began to get exhausted, and she fully made up her mind, to bring the affair to a crisis; circumstances combined to assist her views, inasmuch as the visitors had left the Abbey, and the butler, like all new brooms—the saying is musty—was completely occupied with his recently acquired honours. Upon the evening in which Mrs. Swacliffe determined to "have it out," as she called it, I was sitting in

the room, trying to extract from her the secret in which I was so deeply interested, when Monsieur Gallois entered the apartment ; he started back as he saw me, boy-like, hanging over the chair in which his inamorata was reclining, playing with a stray auburn curl ; the withering look he gave us showed that he was a victim to the power of the green-eyed monster, which the *femme-de-chambre* took advantage of.

“There, Master Arthur,” said she, “is the key, you will find the first volume on the lower shelf.” I turned to the book-case, and eagerly possessed myself of the work I had so long coveted, it was a present of Mary’s. “You had better take that easy chair,” she continued, “where you can read uninterruptedly, for I must finish this collar.”

The Frenchman approached, and admired the embroidery, but the complimentary remark produced no reply ; and all further attempts to get the fair one into conversation proved unsuccessful.

“As Mademoiselle seems to tink what de English say, dat two is company and tree none,

I vil retire," said he, casting a look of anger at me, who was too much absorbed to pay any attention to the remarks of this culinary Othello.

"Pray, please yourself," responded Madame, "as number one seems to be the prominent feature of your character."

"Adorable Matilde. You are to me my very life."

"Really!" she replied with provoking coolness. "Words not deeds appear to be your motto."

"Listen to me, and I will unburden my inmost heart."

Mrs. Swacliffe was all attention, although her countenance betrayed no emotion.

"In early life, I was thrown moch into the society of *la jeune et belle* Joséphine Boivin—"

"Well?"

"We were affianced—"

"What?"

"Like 'lovers about to marry'—"

"Good gracious! how I have been trifled with."

"De marriage took place—"

A sob escaped her.

"Listen, listen, dearest love—we were separated—for fourteen years I no see her."

"So after all you *are* a married man, and dared to pay your addresses to me."

"Forgive—forgive! I could not see you without loving—and as de impediment is removed, I vow at your feet to be yours for ever."

Throwing himself on his knees, he seized her unwilling hand, and was about to press it to his lips, when a voice as familiar to his ear, as that which attracted the attention of the tearful and gallant soldier in Haynes Bayly's exquisite ballad was heard at the door.

"*Je veux y aller, et lui parler moi-même!*" exclaimed the "impediment" that Gallois only the moment before had declared was removed, and who now stood before him frantic with rage.

What Mademoiselle Joséphine Boivin might have been in early life, I cannot pretend to say, but in the coarse, fat, slatternly, bloated Madame Gallois not a trace of beauty of form

or feature remained ; her manners, too, were as vulgar as her appearance was unprepossessing. After throwing aside an old faded silk cloak, a rusty looking black velvet bonnet, and a lace veil considerably the worse for wear, the new comer plumped herself down in an easy chair, with a look which seemed to say, "dispossess me who can."

"Eh, bien ! Alphonse, il y a long temps que je ne vous ai vu," said the Frenchwoman, giving a scornful look at Mrs. Swaccliffe.

"Pray, Madamè," inquired the latter, in a very commanding tone, "who have I the honour of addressing?"

"Who—who ! but de lawful wife of your devoted Monsieur Gallois," she responded in broken English.

"Silence, Joséphine, ma bonne !"

"Silence ! when I understand from a letter I come to receive, that you are going to be married to one Mademoiselle Swacleeffe, who is, I hear, laide à faire peur."

The *femme-de-chambre*, hearing her name mentioned, turned to the dictionary, and was



horrified at finding herself described in so uncomplimentary a manner:

"Here is la lettre," continued Madame Gallois, drawing forth from her once gaudy reticule, a letter, which the quick-sighted eyes of the disconsolate housekeeper, immediately recognized as the hand-writing of the villain, Humphrey. "The writer says :

" ' Beware of your husband, who is about to marry a scheming, ugly woman, lady's-maid to Lady Pembroke, Pembroke Abbey ; without you wish him transported for bigamy. (Bigamy ! qu'est-ce que cela veut dire ?) You will at once put an end to this disgraceful affair.

" ' Your well wisher,

" ' ARGUS.' "

"De instant I received this, I started off in de diligence for Shechestere, which I was informed by a friend, was the post town, left my sac-de-nuit at the Svan, and walked over in de mud."

The latter part of this remark was perfectly

unnecessary, as the splashed state of the speaker's merino dress and boots sufficiently spoke to the fact.

A dead silence of some minutes ensued. Each of the party seemed to be at a nonplus, or what our trans-Atlantic neighbours call a universal fix. Mrs. Swacliffe was exasperated at having her feelings outraged, and her character and looks maligned. Madame Gallois was in a state of anger and dogged determination not again to separate from her husband; while the hero of this scene was in that unhappy condition, which is proverbially attached to those, who, clinging to two stools, invariably come to the ground.

The hour for supper was rapidly approaching, and as the housekeeper's pride revolted at the idea of being looked upon throughout the house as the dupe of a scheming Frenchman: and the fury excited in her breast against Humphrey far exceeding that which she entertained towards Monsieur Gallois, she determined, if possible, to put an amicable termination to an affair which

threatened a most painful exposure to all implicated.

"I can fully enter into your feelings, Madame Gallois," said Mrs. Swacliffe, in a most silvery tone, "and am grieved beyond measure that the writer of this infamous production, should have succeeded so well in sowing discord between man and wife." The Frenchwoman was all attention—the housekeeper proceeded: "But I am sure that a lady of your good sense, will place no reliance upon an anonymous slanderer. So far, my dear Madame, from Monsieur Gallois having paid me any marked attention, which, knowing from his own lips, that he was a married man, I never could have permitted; it was only within an hour he was talking of you, and the early days of his courtship."

"Really! did Alphonse speak kindly of me?" responded Madame, evidently touched; "but who is this Monsieur Homfrey?"

"A discarded servant of Sir William's, who, having lost his situation by gross misconduct,

is spiteful enough to vent his revenge upon us."

Gallois now felt it was necessary to put in a kind word, and turning to the partner of his joy! and sorrows, gave vent to a rhapsody, the infliction of which, we will spare our readers; the result, however, was a more amicable understanding than had previously existed. Mrs. Swacliffe, seeing a favourable opportunity, availed herself of it, and turning to Madame Gallois, pressed her with apparent warmth of manner, to give her the pleasure of her company at supper, adding, that she was sure Lady Pembroke would insist upon her staying at the Abbey for the night. The traveller, after so lengthened a journey, and so long a fast, was delighted with the invitation, of which she gladly availed herself.

"Nine o'clock, Madame, is our hour, so pray come with me to my bed-room," said the now amicable *femme-de-chambre*, "that I may assist you in arranging your dress, and in the mean time, I will send to Chichester for your luggage."

The newly made friends departed to adorn their fair selves as best they could, leaving the disconsolate husband to ruminate upon the unexpected apparition of his better, or worse half, as the case might be, and the loss of his dearly beloved Matilde, when he was shortly roused from his reverie, by the entrance of the butler, followed by the two ladies, who now appeared in high spirits, and upon the most cordial terms. Madame Gallois was formally introduced to Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Broadbridge, a mutual friend, who had just dropped in from his farm in the neighbouring village, and the whole party sat down to a repast, which, in the unavoidable absence of the cook, had been intrusted to the kitchen-maid, and who, upon this occasion, proved herself a most able and useful subordinate. A bowl of punch had been presented by the butler, in honour of his inauguration, and to welcome Madame Gallois, who, according to Mrs. Swacliffe's statement, was an old friend, who had long promised to pay her a visit in the country. As I have previously observed, the *femme-de-chambre* felt a natural reluctance in

letting her companions know how egregiously she had been deceived, and had recourse to conduct, which, as the truth must be spoken, I cannot help designating, as thoroughly hypocritical and untruthful.

The Frenchwoman had thrown off all reserve, and made herself as agreeable as the daughters of that volatile country are wont to do; and why? the reader will ask, did I remain in the room with the new comer, whose conversation was not likely to prove very interesting or instructive? the reply is easily given; in the conversation between the two females, I had not only overheard the name of Mary Winterburn mentioned, but that it was through her, Madame Gallois had ascertained the address of my mother. When I spoke to Mrs. Swaccliffe, she told me, that "it was as much as her place was worth" to say a word upon the subject, but as Madame Gallois was under no such fear, I fondly hoped to get from her the information I so eagerly coveted.

As my tutor was fortunately engaged to attend a scientific meeting at Chichester, I was

free for the evening, and I determined, during that period, to devote myself exclusively to the object in view ; but as many have done before me, I had reckoned without my host. In vain did I try to lead the Frenchwoman to the conversation, for whenever I alluded to her sudden departure from London, she invariably changed it to another topic ; and I was left in a state of uncertainty, as to whether she had been warned to avoid any mention of Mary, or was influenced by an amiable motive in not referring to that which had caused a dissension between her and her inconstant spouse.

The excellent cheer, added to the inspiring beverage, had elated the spirits of all the party, the effect produced upon Madame Gallois, was to make her more than usually loquacious, and after a time it was almost impossible to get in "a word edgeways." She talked of La belle France, of Versailles, where she had first drawn the breath of life, of Paris, of London. She descanted upon the lovely climate, the beauty of the gardens and water-works,

Trianon, the Café des Milles Colonnes, the Palais Royal, Rue de Lecestere, "le plus beau quartier de Londres," Place d'Or, Golden Square, as she termed them. One subject led to another, and nothing would satisfy the voluble Joséphine, but to give a historiette of her birth, parentage, and education, appending sundry episodes of her courtship, marriage, and subsequent life in our English metropolis.

I cannot follow Madame Gallois through all her eventful career, and must content myself with a *précis* or "short hand" account. Joséphine Boivin was the daughter of a man who kept a small tavern, if so grand a word can be applied to the "Cabaret of Le Cheval Noir," at Versailles ; in early life, she had lost her mother, and not liking the control of a step-parent, for Jacques Boivin had taken to himself another wife, she, upon reaching her seventeenth year, determined to try her fortune at Paris. Her father's connexion, added to her own good looks, soon procured her a situation, behind the bar of a most celebrated house, Le Café des Milles Colonnes, where her lively manner and personal



appearance (I have only the lady's authority for this description,) attracted the attention of all the *habitués* of that far-famed coffee-house, who lavished smiles, pretty speeches, bouquets, and bonbons upon her.

The presents she received on New Year's day, all of which were ostentatiously displayed on a table within the bar, would have enabled her to set up a shop of her own, and the sweetmeats, beautifully arranged, reminded one of the magasins of that quaint old city, Rouen, famed for jam and Joan of Arc, confiture and cathedral, dried fruit and decayed fountains, chocolate drops and churches, sugar plums and St. Ouen.

When Joséphine arrived at years of discretion, or perhaps more correctly speaking, indiscretion, she received many offers for her hand—some from affection, others from mercenary motives, for it was generally believed that Boivin was a man of property, and that his flourishing *cabaret* and worldly goods would, eventually, descend to his only child, but the adulation paid to the young girl had turned her head,

and she refused the proposal of a disinterested and thriving tradesman, to carry on a flirtation with an English nobleman. How this affair ended, was never satisfactorily shewn—it gave rise to considerable scandal at the time, but as Madame Gallois touched lightly upon the subject, it would be uncharitable in me to rip up an old grievance, “let bygones be bygones,” is an excellent, although rather common-place axiom. About the period that the intimacy between Joséphine and Lord Collingham was put an end to, by the interference of his father, Gallois was placed under the artist that then presided over the culinary department of the *café*, and there, as a matter of course, he was constantly thrown in the way of the young flirt. “A change,” however, had “come over the spirit of her dream,” for instead of being light and volatile, a deep-rooted feeling of melancholy had taken possession of her mind; some attributed it to unrequited affections—others, less good-natured, to misplaced confidence in her lover, but whatever the cause was, it fell to the lot of the youthful Alphonse Gallois, to

remove it; like the victorious Roman, he came, he saw, and conquered. Unhappily, however, in this instance, as the sequel will show, the truth of the old distich "happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," was not realized. Within a few months after the marriage had taken place, Monsieur and Madame Gallois came into possession of the property bequeathed to them by her father, but not wishing to reside at Versailles, they disposed of the *cabaret*, and with the proceeds realized by it, came to London. There Madame established herself in a lodging-house, near Leicester Square, the receptacle of foreigners of all nations; for some years her husband held the situation of head cook at a neighbouring restaurateur's, and nothing occurred to mar the happiness of their married life.

It happened, upon one occasion, that a party of which my father formed one, supped at the above establishment after the opera, and they were so much taken with the excellence of the cooking, that an offer was made to the *chef* to transfer his talents from the Haymarket to Pembroke Abbey, a vacancy having lately

occurred. After some little deliberation, in which the handsome *appointement, anglicè* salary, (for French cooks only apply the word *gages* to love or friendship) quite outbalanced the separation of this couple, it was agreed that Monsieur Gallois was to accept the situation, and Madame was to leave the classical purlieus of Leicester Square, for a small lodging-house near the Place d'Or, already alluded to, and where an ordinary at eighteen-pence a head, was daily held, soup, fish, and two *entrées* included. It was here that the anonymous letter, written by the disappointed Humphrey, reached her one evening, and as she was surrounded by foreigners, the address, Pembroke Abbey, was as difficult to find out, as if it had been in Chili or New South Wales; but expedients seldom fail any woman, especially a French one, and being slightly acquainted with Madame Bernier, a fashionable milliner at the west end of the town, she immediately proceeded to her house; what passed there did not transpire, but, "*grâce à Monsieur Boyle,*" the direction was soon discovered in his useful work, and Madame

Gallois hastening back to her home, packed up a carpet bag, and having handed over the establishment to the care of her kitchen-maid and waiter, early on the following morning, made the best of her way to the Golden Cross, where she arrived in time for the Chichester coach. Like a provident house-wife, she had brought a small basket of provisions to eat on the road, and during the time the other passengers alighted at Guildford, to enjoy a somewhat hasty dinner, she remained on the coach (much to the surprise of the horse-keepers) indulging in the luxuries of a cold sausage, a piece of game pie, a bit of dry Gruyère cheese, about three inches of a loaf, that had originally been at least half a yard long, and a small bottle of aniseed, the fumes of which, as the coachman remarked, would have furnished an excellent drag, "indeed," added the above authority, "it's lucky we didn't fall in with the foxhounds, or they would have assuredly left their 'varmint' for ours." Upon her arrival at Chichester, the thrifty dame preferred walking through the mud to paying for a fly, so after nearly as many

adventures as befell Mrs. Hardcastle, in her journey with her scapegrace relative Tony Lumpkin, she reached the Abbey in safety.

No wonder then, after the fatigues of the day, the excitement of the evening, and the lengthened yarn Madame Gallois had spun, that she should feel her limbs tired and her throat dry, and the astonishment would have been still greater, had not Mr. Broadbridge, upon strictly agricultural principles, irrigated her parched clay while he moistened his own. The hopes of hearing any news of my charmer, vanished gradually with every glass, and I took leave of the party, determined to renew my enquiries the following morning; what occurred after I left the room, was reported to me by my old ally Joe. It appeared that the good humour was a little interrupted by Monsieur Gallois having been discovered casting certain glances at la belle Swadcliffe, and although it would be highly indelicate to penetrate the marital privacy of the newly joined couple, it was shrewdly suspected, from certain disharmonious sounds, which were heard by the *femme-de-chambre*, (whose ear by

accident, found itself against the key-hole) that the curtain lecture was not over palatable to the ears of the wretched Frenchman, "racked by duty, torn by love."

The next difficulty that arose, was, how to get rid of Madame, it was a question of lucre against jealousy, and fond as the wife was of money, the latter passion predominated.

Upon the following morning, Madame Gallois appeared at the breakfast-table in a smarter dress than the one she had travelled in; and from her enquiries about what sights were worth seeing in the neighbourhood, it seemed that she was in no hurry to take her departure from the Abbey. Mrs. Swacliffe was all smiles and civility—Monsieur Gallois quiet and reserved, Madame agreeable and loquacious, but ill did their words express their feelings. Had they lived in the Palace of Truth, or could have seen into one another's hearts, what a strange conflict would they have witnessed—the husband dying to keep his situation, and get rid of his wife; the wife determined not to leave her husband in the hands of so dangerous a

rival, and the *femme-de-chambre* divided between two opinions ; being anxious not to lose the society of Gallois, yet fearing a repetition of the quarrel scene that had taken place the previous evening.

The next three days were devoted to diplomacy, but like other more important conferences, at the end of that period, the negotiators found themselves exactly in the same position they were at the commencement. Fortunately for Gallois, a large party was expected, the following morning, to commence the annual warlike operations against the "bold pheasantry," and Lady Pembroke, (or rather her maid), had intimated that, under these circumstances, it would be impossible to find room for Madame, politely adding that on some future occasion she trusted to have the pleasure of seeing her at the Abbey.

Upon hearing this, the impassioned Frenchman declared he would give warning, although it was a bad time of the year to get another situation ; and that in a month he would join his wife in London ; and so well did he act his



part, that Josephine, in a shower of tears, gave way, and forthwith prepared to take her departure. At six o'clock the next morning, the break was at the door, and certainly Madame's small hamper had grown wondrous large during its stay at the Abbey; whether Alphonse had followed the usual way of getting to Josephine's heart through her mouth, I know not, but certain it is, that from an early hour, the kitchen-maid was employed in removing sundry delicacies from the larder to the cook's room, where the *chef* himself was packing up cold pies, tongue, ham and chickens, for Madame's lunch, he having received orders from my mother, merely to prepare a sandwich.

The leave-taking in the room would have been truly heart-rending if (there is always an if) one could have believed it genuine, for Madame cried as she saluted Mrs. Swacliffe on both cheeks, while the latter having tried in vain to shed a tear, succeeded by repeated applications of her pocket handkerchief, in making her usually bright eyes dim. As Gallois had insisted upon seeing his wife off by the coach, doubtless

from a fear of her sudden return, it will be out of our power to describe the parting; he had, however, pledged himself to join her shortly, and so far appeased the jealousy of Josephine. Just as the reconciled couple were stepping into the break, I ran forward to wish Madame Gallois adieu, and to ascertain, if possible, the address of Mary. Summoning up my courage, I boldly asked her whether she was acquainted with Miss Winterburn, whose name I had heard her mention.

“Thanks, Monsieur Arthur, for your politeness; but on the subject of Mademoiselle Winterburn *c'est défendu*—we no talk.”

At this moment, Huckle the coachman declared there was no time to be lost, as he had two young horses in the break, and the roads ran heavy after the rain, upon which Monsieur and Madame Gallois took their seats, and were soon out of hearing, leaving me in a state of intense anxiety, and perplexed beyond measure, to ascertain how it was possible, that so coarse and vulgar a woman, could be acquainted with my adorable Mary.

Having safely got rid of Madame Gallois, Mrs. Swacliffe, warned by the past, was determined to put an end to all unnecessary attention on the part of her former admirer, and her better sense gaining the ascendant, gave him to understand that for the future his conduct must be such as not to draw forth comments from their friends and acquaintances.

## CHAPTER V.

“And the sportsman beats  
In russet jacket ; lynxlike is his aim ;  
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.”

BYRON.

“Ay, thou art welcome, heaven’s delicious breath !  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.”

W. C. BRYANT.

THE arrival of visitors at the Abbey, tended for a time to distract my thoughts from Mary Winterburn ; and, as the holidays had commenced, I was allowed to join the sportsmen about to commence their autumnal campaign.

An infantry regiment, too, had replaced the

cavalry at the barracks, and I had formed many acquaintances with some gallant young subs, only a few years older than myself.

It was about nine o'clock on a fine bracing morning early in October, that a merry party assembled for the purpose of having a day's sport with the pheasants—sport, in the true sense of the word—as unlike the tameness of the modern *battue*, as is the costume of a 'gent' of 1857, to that of a gentleman of the last century.

The welkin rang a merry peal, with the tuneful voices of a pack of spaniels, as the gunners, consisting of my father, Sir John Selborne, General Malcolm, Squire Heathfield, and myself, prepared for action.

"Form line with the beaters!" exclaimed the head-keeper, as with our advanced guard of the above-mentioned well-disciplined dogs we entered the Abbot's plantation, as a large covert was called.

The silence that reigned around was shortly broken by a whirring sound, and the exclamation of 'cock.' In less time than I can take to write

it, a report of a fowling-piece echoed through the trees, and the cry, "Ware bird," was heard from the keeper. The spaniels obeyed the mandate, when a look of the eye, and the motion of the hand of the unerring marksman, accompanied with a "Hie away," caused the perfect-trained retriever, Tippoo, to spring like lightning through the tanglings of the briars, and return almost instantaneously with the pheasant to his master's feet.

"Hare coming to you, Sir John," shouted one of the beaters, "rabbit to the right."

Two shots are fired ; both have taken effect. The worthy Baronet seemed flushed with his success ; and, being a wag, quoted, *sotto voce*, to me the lines of the poet, slightly altered.

"Youngster, with regard to hares and rabbits remember :

"Though lost to sight, advance your gun  
Quickly to where you *think* they run ;  
Regard not grass, nor bush, nor briar,  
Through each and all a snap shot fire,  
Bang! bang! all's well! you saw them not,  
And yet I've killed two on the spot."

“Go on!” continued Sir John, who, having loaded both barrels, had taken the then necessary precaution of wiping the edge of the flints to remove their foulness, and ascertain that they were not broken.

At this moment, a woodcock was flushed, and fell by a shot from the well-directed Manton of my father; another is flushed, who, rising in a perpendicular position, from the difficulty of crossing the thick foliage, bothers my inexperienced hand, and a miss is the consequence. “Mark!—mark!” escapes from two voices, and the worthy Baronet and his host proceed to the spot to which the markers had pointed.

This was a thickly-wooded covert, and the sportsmen took up their position to windward of the corner where the migratory birds had been marked; and, giving a whistle, as a signal, the beaters drew on, and flushed one immediately.

Sir John’s fatal tubes were pointed; two cocks were on the wing; and, in a few seconds, the keeper was congratulating this truly English sportsman upon his double success.

“Nothing like settling your *long bills* before

Christmas," said the jocose Baronet, chuckling and elated with his good luck; "and look ye, youngster, I'll put you up to a wrinkle; always give a larger charge of shot to your second barrel; it will assist you, as it has me, at a long range."

"I seed a lot of them birds last evening, leaving the covert for the marshy lands, Sir John," said a regular son of the soil; "it were a *shockish* sort of a night; and, just before dawn this morning, they got back again into the woods—mark! Sir John."

"Why, these rovers are as capricious as the female sex," said the Baronet, as he knocked over another bird; "who would have thought to have had such sport? I have shot here for more than ten years, and never killed a couple before January."

At this moment, the sound of wheels was heard, and a gentleman, enveloped in a military cloak, attended by his servant, drove up in a dennet to the lodge at the skirts of the wood, where we had assembled to stow away in the huge pockets of a leather bag, that, panier



fashion, lay across the back of a strong pony, the game that had been killed.

“Good morning, Sir William! servant Sir John! hope I’m not late,” said a stout, florid-looking man, of about thirty years of age, as he stepped out of his vehicle. “Thompson and Riddle, of *ours*, are immediately behind me. Most kind of you to give us a day’s shooting. Aye, young ’un, all well I hope. I should have been here sooner, Sir William, but we are so occupied with our balls—the ladies importune one for tickets; and, when a female’s in the case, really, the delicious creatures give me no time to breathe.”

The speaker’s figure was of the punchy order; he had a sesquipedality of belly, which,” to quote Sterne, “would have done honour to a serjeant of the Horse-guards;” the satirist wrote when pig-tails and ventripotency were the features of the Household Troops; he would have altered his opinion had he lived in our days. His legs were diminutive and bandy; his chest was broad; his neck short; his visage like a full, fiery harvest moon; his head inclined

to baldness on the crown, the lower part being slightly fringed with auburn curly hair; his small, well-trimmed whiskers were of the same hue; his arms contracted; his hands, or rather paws, thick, large, and red; his eyes grey, and feline-looking; his teeth, of which he was peculiarly proud (for his mouth was always on a grin), were pearly white.

Upon throwing back his military cloak, Major Skittowe appeared equipped as a sportsman, and nothing could exceed the risible effect he produced upon Sir John and myself, who saw him, for the first time, in this costume. His legs were encased in leather knee-caps, which partly covered his white cord unmentionables, and extended to an ankle boot, laced up the front. The huge protuberance, already alluded to, seemed likely to break his waistband, while an extremely scant velveteen jacket exposed the remaining shortness of his squab figure. The Major belonged to His Majesty's Service; but, whether in the line or militia, I will not stop to explain.

Suffice it to say, that Skittowe was, at least, by his own account, perfectly idolized by the fair sex. No Giovanni of the Guards, no *crève-cœur* of the Cavalry, no lady-killer of the Line, no Lothario of the Loyal Volunteers, no favourite of the Fencibles, that ever lived, was to his idea, half such a pet with the daughters of Eve as this gallant officer.

"Sims," said the Major to his groom, who was decked out in a gaudy livery coat, green turned up with crimson, "put up the dennet at the nearest public-house, and bring me my gun. Pray show my groom the way," continued he, to one of the bystanders.

The servant drew himself up, and saluted his master, in a brisk and soldier-like manner, which in spite of his parrot coloured groom's coat, and cockaded hat, shewed that he was one of that useful class in the army called *bâtmen*.

Had his manner not evinced this, the discovery could have been easily made, by the remaining portion of his dress, which consisted

of French grey trousers, a black leather stock with brass buckle, laced boots, and havresack, upon which was marked, "Abel Sims, private —th Regiment." At this moment, Lieutenants Thompson and Riddle drove up in an open fly, and apologized for their unavoidable absence, caused by some regimental duty.

Sims had returned with his master's gun, which he handled like a musket. His attire had undergone a complete change; he had doffed his livery coat and hat, and appeared in a fustian jacket and cap, with a havresack and canteen strapped across his shoulders; the former contained powder, shot, wadding, and flints; the latter some *aqua pura*, with a dash of Scotch whiskey in it, just, as the Major remarked, to destroy the animalcules.

"John, you'll keep by my side, take care of Neptune, and be silent."

The latter caution was unnecessary; for Sims, like a good soldier, almost universally followed the advice given him by the drill-sergeant upon joining his regiment, and which, according to

that authority, constituted the first duty of a Son of Mars; namely—"never to open his mouth, except to bite off the tip of his cartridge, or answer his name at roll-call." There were, of course, exceptions to this general rule, in this individual case, although, upon these occasions, more good things went into Sims' mouth, than ever came out of it.

Neptune, who has been previously alluded to, was a poor lanky specimen of the mongrel Newfoundland dog, strongly addicted to hunting, but despite of his name, very averse to water, and with a mouth like a vice, that demolished everything which came within its reach. Still he was an old favourite with the Major and his gallant corps, lived in the barrack-yard, was made much of by the men, and marched with the regiment on all occasions. The party now proceeded into the covert, where they formed into line; the Major attended by his servant and Neptune, taking the right flank, the two Lieutenants the centre, while my father, Sir John, the Squire, and myself, not wishing to

place ourselves in unnecessary danger, kept with the head-keeper, at a respectable distance upon the left.

To describe the day's sport would require the graphic pen of Dickens or Thackeray. Suffice it to say, it was a most disastrous one.

Thompson had hired a gun at a pawnbroker's shop, which had been warranted a genuine Joe Manton ; although, be it remarked, that most excellent Master of the Ordnance had never seen or heard of the article in question ; like the razors mentioned by Peter Pindar, which were fabricated to sell not shave—the weapon in question was certainly not made to shoot.

The mainspring was deficient ; and the face of the hammer so considerably worn away, that the result was, the gun missed fire at least twice out of thrice. Riddle had borrowed his fowling-piece from the Chichester gunmaker, and it proved to be a good serviceable article. The Major had an excellent double-barrelled gun of Joe Manton's, which only required to be held straight, to cause the greatest havock among the feathered and furred tribes.

For the first half hour, I speak of the military detachment, although shot followed shot, no mischief was done, when the attention of the party was called to an accident which had befallen the gallant Lieutenant Riddle. By some means or other his gun suddenly burst; fortunately no harm ensued to the individual, or to any of his companions, save and except that he was put *hors de combat* for the day. It proved, on investigating the affair, that the young officer fancied he saw a hare, sitting in a small hatch of furze, and poking at the object with the end of his weapon, filled the mouth with clay, which stopping up the muzzle caused the explosion.

The Major missed every shot, and, as usual, the common-place excuses were advanced, "the sun was in his eyes;" "his fingers were so cold, he could scarcely feel the trigger;" "the birds were wild as hawks;" "the branches bothered him;" "the dogs were in the way."

He, however, if Sims was to be believed, had wounded many hares and pheasants.

"Hard hit, I think John?"

"Very, Major."

"He can't get away?"

"Onpossible, Major."

"That cock must die."

"Yes, Major."

Certain, however, it was, that none of the above were bagged; at length a favourable chance was offered.

"Hare sitting, Major."

"Where?"

"Under the holly-bush, three paces to the front."

Bang went both barrels at the spot mentioned, and the worthy bât-man stepping forward, brought out poor puss absolutely blown to atoms.

"Loose Nep."

The dog was given his liberty, and immediately seizing firm hold of the shattered remains of the timid creature, carried it in triumph to the keeper. Old John Curtis looked absolutely flabbergasted, and eyeing the mutilated animal with horror and disgust exclaimed, "It's only good to bait a trap with." Had the Major and



his retriever been caught in that self same trap, I doubt very much whether they would have received much consideration from the justly enraged *garde de chasse*.

Skittowe, who was very proud of his prowess, began to banter Thompson at his gun missing fire so often, when an event occurred which raised the gallant sportsman many pegs higher in his own estimation. A net had been placed across one of the plantations, near which Sims was upon the look out for shots for his master, for be it known to our readers that a *douceur* of one shilling, with a promise of another on a similar occasion, had been given to the trusty bât-man for the discovery of the sitting hare.

“Major,” exclaimed the sharp looker out, “right shoulders forward, halt dress, quick march, cover the holly-bush.”

The officer obeyed the command, and advancing towards the spot found a wounded pheasant struggling to extricate itself from the meshes of the net.

“Make ready, present !” continued the Major, carrying on the military metaphor, and fired

right and left at the ensnared bird. The only effect produced was to knock up the earth round the holly-bush, and to cut a large hole in the net work.

"He's hard hit," said the private.

Skittowe ran forward, caught hold of the cords; in so doing the prisoner was emancipated, who hobbling off was followed in pursuit by Sims armed with a hedge-stake. For some time it was, in the phraseology of the turf, Lombard Street to a China orange, the Duke of York's pillar to a stick of sealing-wax, a steam engine to a Hammersmith bus, the *jet-d'eau* at Versailles to the fountain in Trafalgar Square, or any other simile that may suggest itself to the fanciful mind of the reader in favour of the feather weight; but unfortunately some wattle hurdles stopped his progress, and the fugitive was captured and knocked on the head by the fleet-footed soldier.

"Thanks for your bounty, Sir," said Sims, as he returned to the Major, gave up the bird, and was rewarded with another portrait of his Majesty set in silver. Shortly after this, the

covert was beat out, and the keepers, with the rest of the party, joined the Major.

"Fine young pheasant, and rather a long shot," said the latter, looking prouder than any peacock. John Curtis took up the bird, examined it carefully, cast a sly glance at the damaged net, and the newly turned up earth, and said with a knowing shrug of the shoulders,

"Why, Major, you *have* killed him clean, not a *shot* to be found, his leg has been broken in a trap, *poor thing*."

Now, whether the latter remark was mentally applied to the stout gentleman, or his ill-gotten prey, we will not pause to enquire.

"I think, gentlemen," continued the keeper, "we had better try the plantation round the lodge; it's so wooded that you may have some little difficulty in getting at the pheasants, but you may find a hare or two."

This information gladdened the heart of the Major, who fondly hoped that he might still find one of the feathered tribe "perched up aloft," or the beauteous form of a hare recumbent on the ground. Nor were his expectations

unrealized, for scarcely had his vidette advanced, than he exclaimed "mark—in the oak."

"Nep, be quiet," said the bât-man, fastening the end of a cord that was attached to the chain and collar, to a stunted yew, and retiring to a spot from whence he could, as the evening shadows were now setting in, get a better view of the game. "There, Major, number from the right—one, two, three, four, five, sixth branch."

Skittowe, panting with excitement, had taken up his station a few yards from the tree, while Sims, placing himself behind a holly, still pointed at the game with his stake. It was an awful moment, perspiration fell in drops from the forehead of the gallant sportsman, who wishing to take a sure aim, paced a step to the front, and in so doing came in contact with the chain of the Newfoundland dog, who was trying to extricate himself from bondage; losing his equilibrium, the Major fell, and in his fear, accidentally pulled both triggers, lodging the contents of the two barrels in the trunk of the beech tree, and that portion of Sims' leg which

happened to obtrude itself from behind it. Fortunately the case was not reversed, for had Sims's body received the whole charge, his Majesty would have been deprived of a good and gallant soldier.

"An accident!" shouted the Major.

"More accidents! why, what will become of us?" said the keeper, running up and paying every attention to the wounded man. "I hope you are not much hurt."

"Rather a stinger," responded the other.

"Send for my dennet," said the cause of the mischief. "Quite an accident—a hare crossed—I'll drive you home, Sims."

At his superior officer's word, the private attempted to stand at attention, but his wounded limb refused to do its office. Unable then to hold himself erect, he leant against the tree, and bringing his hand to his cap, said "No fault of yours, Major, it was all along with the hare that crossed me, but you've hit her very hard, Major." The hare that both master and man had alluded to, was a mere mental hallucination of the former's, responded to by the latter, for

nothing had crossed the Major's path, save the chain of Neptune.

The dennet was at the extremity of the plantation; so a gate was taken off its hinges and formed into a litter, upon which, John Sims was carried by four stout labourers to the vehicle that was in waiting. Skittowe, anxious, if possible, to bag another pheasant, proposed walking by himself down a ride at some little distance from the rest of the party; but, in vain, for a length of time, did his keen eye look into the branches of every larch for a sedentary victim; at length, he fancied he had discovered one; determined not to lose a chance, he fired both barrels at the object, which, to his great delight, fell close to his feet. The eager sportsman stepped forward to seize his prize, when, to his great dismay, he found that the game he had knocked down was a painted wooden bird, made to deceive poachers in the dark.

Nothing daunted, the Major again loaded both barrels, and just as he had rammed down the second charge, fancied he heard a movement in a small patch of high grass. Carrying his gun

at the present, he stealthily approached the spot, and was about to pull the trigger, when a voice from behind, and which proved to be that of Lieutenant Riddle, shouted "Tally-ho!"

Skittowe immediately brought both his fowling piece and presence of mind to the recover, jocosely remarking, "that he could have bagged bold Reynard, had 'bag' foxes been popular in Sussex."

We must here, in justice to 'our fat friend,' explain that he would not intentionally have been guilty of vulpecide, but that he mistook the movement of the wily, for that of the timid animal.

The day's sport was now at an end, and, upon the return of the killed and wounded being made out by the military, appeared as follows:—

One hare blown up!

One pheasant taken prisoner, and shot!!

One private severely wounded!!!

Sims was conveyed to the hospital by the Major, who presented him with a guinea; and the patient having had the shot extracted from his leg, declared to the dresser, that he never had

"so sunshiny a job," and that he would be happy to be shot at upon the same terms as often as his gallant master wished.

I have omitted to say that my father, Sir John, the Squire, and myself, had left the Major's party early in the day, and had proceeded to a large patch of gorse and furze, full of rabbits. Here the spaniels were put in, and in a few moments, the tuneful cry bespoke them on the scent. Shot followed shot, and squeak echoed squeak. The enlivening scene was carried on until near dusk, when the hedge rows were tried on the way home, and furnished a good wind-up to the day's shooting, the return of killed was a strong contrast to the Major's:—twelve brace of pheasants, nine woodcocks, twenty hares, five-and-thirty rabbits.

As the hounds were to meet the following day near the Abbey, the Major was invited to join the chase, and dine with my father; but he begged to postpone the latter invitation for a day or two, as the whole of his time was occupied with the forthcoming ball at Chichester; the real state of the case being, that the Major preferred



a dinner, and a bed in the middle of the week, to a dinner without a bed at the commencement.

There were many peculiarities connected with Skittowe's character, independent of his admiration of the fair sex, and the havock, he fondly flattered himself, he made among them ; but we must reserve a sketch of this hero for another chapter ; in the mean time, it will be seen that he had ever an eye for the main chance, his principle was " to perch wherever he pecked." I adopt his own phraseology ; and hearing from my father that for the two following days every room at the Abbey was occupied, he declined the proffered hospitality until he could take up his quarters there. " A fly from the barracks and back " (so he argued), would cost fifteen shillings, whereas, if he drove over there to sleep, his horse and man would get a night's lodging for nothing."

## CHAPTER V.

"He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws  
Of hunting.

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Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,  
And once o'er several country gentlemen."

BYRON.

"A chosen few  
Alone the sport enjoy."

SOMERVILLE.

"Go along!

Better fifty yards before the hounds than ten behind  
the throng;

Oh I hear you! you may holloa, but my ardour knows  
no bounds;

Curse the scent, confound the huntsman, hang the  
master and the hounds."

HUNTING SONG.

At ten o'clock on the following morning, the

hounds met at the keeper's lodge, and a large party from the house and neighbourhood attended.

Just as old Tom Grant, the huntsman, had waved his cap, and exclaimed, "Eu in! Eu in there!" some half-dozen horsemen were seen galloping across the downs towards the place of meeting; fortunately, the hounds were in the cover, for, by the appearance of one of the foremost riders, it looked more than probable that the canine race would have suffered from this charge of cavalry.

"Hold hard, gentlemen," exclaimed my father.

All, with one exception, obeyed the mandate; the delinquent, too, did his best to check the pace of his fiery courser, but with little success; finding, then, that he could not stop his overpulling horse, he suddenly gave the right rein a jerk, which had the desired effect of steering him up instead of down the hill, and in a few minutes, the hunter and his steed began to pant and blow, and the latter was soon brought to a stand-still. A word or two will describe the

appearance of the biped, although we must bestow more upon the quadruped.

The former was no other than our friend the Major, equipped in the self-same white cords we have before described, a pair of dark mahogany coloured tops, attached to a pair of Wellington boots, spurs with the rowels placed horizontally, a bright buff kerseymere waistcoat, and a grass-green cut-away coat, with large metal buttons, upon which were embossed emblems of sport—hunters, hounds, foxes, deer, hares, guns, pheasants, partridges, grouse, woodcocks, rabbits, race-horses, fishing-rods, spears, nets, boxing-gloves, with drags of every description, from the humble dog-cart, to the spicy four-in-hand team.

The saddle straps, by the crupper ring and holster, showed that it was used for military as well as civil purposes, as did the bridle, which was tastefully ornamented with the King's crown in brass on the cheek, and faced with white leather.

The hunter, called by his owner 'Snowdon,' had been hired for the day, the Major's charger

being slightly lame, and a more perfect specimen of a real brute never before or since entered the field. He stood, as his name inferred, mountain high, more than sixteen hands his head large and heavy, forehead narrow, ears large and pendent, neck throttled like that of a cock, withers low, shoulders narrow and straight, arm short, loins weak, thighs powerless, legs arched, pasterns upright, feet small and ill-formed, heels high and contracted, the frog narrow and diseased. 'Snowdon's' colour was light chesnut, with a milk-white face, and three legs and feet, out of the four, of the same hue.

Such was the form, shape, make, and appearance of the hunter, who, as Sir John observed, was rather the reverse of the one described by Virgil,

"Ardua cervix

Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, oberaque terga  
Luxuriatque toris, animosum pectus."

The worthy Baronet also, jocosely remarked, that he had seldom seen a horse so well *broken*, even to his knees, or who possessed so much

*fire* over the hocks and sinews, or who showed more of a *speedy* cut than the animal in question.

But return we to the Major, who after apologizing to my father, joined the assembled Nimrods, taking his post in front of his brother officers, who had accompanied him upon this occasion. Skittowe was about to explain to Captain Flixtead, how splendidly he had gone with the Surrey stag hounds, upon a late visit to a friend at Croydon, when a cry was heard.

“Mermaid has it!” exclaimed Tom Grant.  
“Hold hard ! gentlemen !”

“Hark ! what loud shouts  
Re-echo ‘through the groves ! He breaks away ;’  
Shrill horns proclaim his flight.”

And we might add, shriller voices ; for more discordant sounds were never heard in this, or any other country.

The place of meeting being within three miles of Chichester, and twenty of Portsmouth, had attracted a heterogeneous assemblage of

officers, middies, horse-dealers, and livery-stable keepers, from those respective towns.

"Tally-ho ! hark forward !" was heard on every side, and away went as gallant an animal as ever broke covert. In a twinkling of an eye the whole pack were at his brush, and the scent being good, they led the field such a pace for about five miles, that, had they kept on at the same rate for as much farther, few would have seen the end of it ; as it was, the stragglers extended over more than a mile and a half.

Fortunately for the latter, just as the *varmint* was making for a fine open grass country, he was headed by a yahoo of a clod, and made his way back to the covert where he had been found.

His keen pursuers, however, soon gave him to understand that he had little chance of gaining it ; for when within a field, they ran into him in the open, after a splendid burst of five-and-twenty minutes, to the joy and gratification of the chosen few who were up, and which, probably to the surprise of the reader, included Skittowe.

The fact is, the gallant officer had, for a considerable time, found himself in the rear ; but when the enemy made a retrograde movement, it of course brought him to the front. Great, then, was the Major's delight, when, in trotting through a turnip field, he found hounds and huntsmen coming towards him.

His first impulse, was to make the best of his way home, when two circumstances occurred, which put an end to his project ; the first was the appearance of Mademoiselle Leclerk, the modern Harpalyce, as she was called, who rode as well as the Thracian huntress herself, and who, smiling upon the lady-killer, congratulated him on his forward place ; this added to another reason, which was even a more powerful one than the former, namely, that no sooner had ' Snowdon ' heard the cry of the hounds, than his lop ears began to erect themselves, and he shortly started off in a gallop, which was not a little increased by the mischievous propensities of a youth, to whom I will not more particularly allude, who, hallooing and cracking his hunting whip, urged the excited animal forward at an awful pace.



Luckily, there were no fences to stop the Major and his steed, so, holding firm by the mane, he went away, reckless of danger, and eyeing the fair horsewoman, whom he now found by his side, they approached an enclosure that divided them from the covert.

"The fence is impracticable, there's a regular yawner on the other side," shouted the dare-devil lad, who was no other than myself.

"Make for the gate then," responded the Diana of the chase.

Skittowe broke out into a cold perspiration. What was to be done? He saw certain destruction in the fence, and little short of it at the five-barred gate. To stop his horse, whose steam was now up, was impossible. The gallant Frenchwoman took the timber in the most sporting manner, followed by myself.

"It's nothing," I exclaimed.

"Nothing!" repeated the Major, almost paralyzed with fear, and hesitating whether to throw himself off his horse, or remain to be thrown off; when, happily an event occurred which was probably the means of saving the life.

of this martial hero ; a young farmer, who was breaking in a raw colt, approached the spot.

"After you, Sir," said Skittowe.

"Could not think of it!" responded the other.

A desperate tug at the bridle was now the Major's only chance, and Snowdon being a little blown, was rendered more manageable.

"Well, here goes!" said the farmer, charging the gate, and, fortunately, shivering it into fifty pieces.

"Let me come!" shouted our military friend, charging the opening at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

It was a moment of delight, such as he had never before felt; the danger averted, and he safe and alive within a few yards of the fox, who, dead beat, and the hounds at his brush, could scarcely get half across the field.

"There now! they have him. Who-hoop! who-hoop!"

His death coronach is sung. Old Tom Grant gallantly offered the well-earned trophy to the daring horsewoman, but she modestly refused it,

begging it might be given to the hero of the day, Major Skittowe; and from that day up to the period we last met that sporting officer, the brush was his constant companion. He had it converted into what the Regent Street tradesmen denominate, a 'gent's boa,' and wore or carried it about with him on every occasion. The 'yarn' attached to it, and which varied not a little from the facts of the case as above stated, was repeated to every one that came within the Major's grasp; and woe to your button hole if you attempted to escape before the final run and death of the fox, and the daring exploits of 'Snowdon' and his rider, had been fully, if not faithfully, recorded.

Return we to the hunting field, where the hero of the run was being congratulated upon his achievements.

"Why, Major," said Sir John, "you went like a bird."

"What a splendid timber jumper you have," continued the intrepid Mademoiselle Leclerk, with a smile upon her countenance.

"You cut us all down to-day," said a brother officer.

In the mean time, the Major had dismounted, and was showing 'Snowdon' off, to the admiring circle; and so elated was the mighty Nimrod, that he had an original *bon-mot*, or borrowed jest from the latest edition of that oft-quoted authority, Joe Miller, for everyone that came within the keen encounter of his wit.

"What, Sir John!" said he, "you're laughing at my bald head, poking your fun at me, as the Yankees say; but remember the epigrammatic lines.

"My hair and I are quits d'y see,  
I first cut '*him*, he now cuts me."

"Oh!" responded the good-humoured baronet, "I was wondering, why you don't follow your Colonel's example, and take to a wig."

"An empty barn, Sir John, requires no thatch."

"Well, Major, I never did see you looking better," continued the Baronet, "much stouter since I last had the pleasure of meeting you."

“Rather in the Falstaff line, I admit ; but he and I are exceptions to Will Shakspeare’s sweeping comment,

“Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.”

Skittowe grinned and shewed his teeth at this apt quotation, when my father, who had been occupied with one of his tenants, approached, and invited him to bring his gun, and dine at the Abbey the following Friday. This invitation was gladly accepted, and as the loquacious officer was about to enumerate his day’s exploits, he was interrupted by a general movement, it having been decided to draw the same covert for another fox.

I have already informed my readers that the Major had dismounted, and he was about to regain his saddle, when a difficulty occurred that he had not previously anticipated. ‘Snow-don’ was more than sixteen hands in height, and the legs of his rider under a foot and a half. How the summit of this lofty eminence was to be gained appeared a problem diffi-

cult to solve. In the barrack-yard there had been no trouble, for it contained, as did most country buildings, steps for the equestrian to mount with, but in an open turnip field, with the only gate shattered to pieces, no bank, and a fidgety steed, the Major was thrown into a most awkward dilemma. He was now left like "the last rose of summer, blooming alone," all his sporting companions having quitted him for the opposite side of the covert. What was to be done? 'Snowdon' was getting more unmanageable, when a cry was heard, or a halloo echoed through the wood. A shepherd's boy was now seen at a short distance, and the Major shouted to him to approach. The lad came whistling on, and pulling his coarse bushy hair, enquired in the true Sussex dialect, what "he were pleased to want?"

"Catch hold of the bridle, my boy; there's a shilling for you. Keep his head fast."

The urchin grasped the money, and seized the reins; and for a moment the fidgety steed was satisfied. Skittowe then procured three or four clods of earth from the hedge, and at-

tempted to raise a temporary bank ; but, as the country was deep, no sooner had he essayed, than he went ankle deep into the mire. Failing in this *inanimate* clod, he tried the *living* one, who "gave him a leg;" but the Major's spur fastening itself into his smock frock, and Snowdon retreating at the same moment, caused the horseman (as would be) to kiss his mother earth, and, in so doing, the steed started off, determined, as it seemed, to have another gallop with the hounds.

Fortunately for the dismounted cavalier, Captain Coxwell saw his superior officer's horse without a rider, and fearing some accident had happened, trotted off to the spot. There, to his great delight, he found the object of his search, puffing and panting, but with no bones broken. In the mean time, one of my father's grooms had brought back the refractory 'Snowdon;' but so disgusted was the Major with him, that he proposed to his friend Coxwell to exchange horses for the rest of the day.

"Your cob is in no condition for a gallop, and

I have already seen so much of the first run, that I wish you would get on my chesnut."

This request was acceded to; and, in a few seconds, Skittowe was again mounted on a strong, compact cob, much more suited to him than his monster steed. In the mean time, the hounds had found another fox, who did not at all seem disposed to take to the open; but, being pressed, made the attempt just at the spot where our unruly Nimrod was posted. The Major's first impulse was to halloo, which, of course, had the effect of heading the wily animal back; and he was instantly chopped in covert. Loud and deep were the anathemas uttered by the field against poor Skittowe who, thinking discretion the better part of valour, trotted off to the barracks, with a trophy hanging over the saddle-bow. As he rode down the principal streets of Chichester, he had a word, or a nod for every one.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Smith, we've had a splendid run. Ah! Johnson, five-and-thirty minutes—grass country, without a check—killed in the open. Hope, Mrs. Darrell, we shall have



the pleasure of seeing you and your daughters at our ball next week. Miss Fanny, I have not forgotten your commission ; our band-master will copy the Russian march for you to-morrow. Miss Penelope, how exquisitely you sang at the Dean's last Friday. Remember your kind promise of working me a purse, Miss Anna Maria."

With these civil speeches and soft nothings, the gallant, gay Lothario wended his way to the range of small wooden buildings, looking like children's Noah's Ark, called the barracks. Here he was welcomed by his brother officers, and the mess of the distinguished corps to which our sportsman belonged, was enlivened by a recital of the feats of the day.

At breakfast the following morning, a small wooden box was brought to the Major, and as the direction was written in a lady's hand, he immediately flattered himself that it was a delicate attention from some "delightful creature."

"Get a chisel, Turner," said the self-enamoured officer to the waiter, "I'll open the

box here. I expect a case of *Eau de Cologne*, from *la belle Marie*, my partner of last evening's waltz," continued he, addressing himself to the Colonel. "The Sussex belles are really so kind."

"Chisel and hammer," interrupted the messman.

The cords of the deal case were cut, the wedge applied, and the lid broken open, when "the rankest of villanous smells that ever offended nostrils" escaped, and which certainly did not remind the party of the perfume of Jean Maria Farina's exquisite preparation.

"Why what's this?" exclaimed our hero. "It's a mistake."

"There's a card inside," observed the Colonel, taking it from the whisp of straw, which surrounded the present, and reading,

"To Major Skittowe."

"What can it mean?" continued the hoaxed, colouring up, and looking as wrathful as an infuriated tiger-cat.

"Why, it's another fox's brush," said a young officer, raising the contents with the

hook of a hunting whip, "and upon it the complimentary motto, penned in a female hand, 'You won it, so wear it.'"

"Bravo, Major! two brushes in one day! Why Osbaldistone's a joke to you."

Fortunately, at this moment, the adjutant entered to request the attendance of the field officers in the orderly room, and put an end to further discussion.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Then along the floor,  
Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirl'd."

BYRON.

"Celestial Muses! Ye powers divine!  
Oh, say, for your memory's better than mine,  
What troops of fair virgins assembled around,  
What squadrons of heroes for dancing renown'd  
Were roused by the fiddles, harmonious sound."

BATH GUIDE.

THE fête to which the Major alluded, was a grand fancy ball, about to be given by the bachelors of the corps quartered at Chichester, to their friends and acquaintances in the town and neighbourhood. It was to be on a grand scale, and was to take place at the barracks—

for a length of time every preparation had been made to carry out the affair; a temporary building had been boarded over, and appropriately chalked with military devices, while the colours of the regiment, and the names of all the victories by sea and land, which had graced the British arms, were emblazoned on the walls, surrounded by laurel leaves.

A transparency, at one end of the building, gave a full length portrait of the Duke of York, at that time Commander-in-Chief; on the other, appeared a very spirited representation of a gallant affair in the Peninsula, in which the regiment referred to, had played a conspicuous part, and among the leading heroes, the figure of the Major might be easily discovered; it is true that the limner, an amateur artist belonging to the corps, had flattered Skittowe not a little, and had contrived to place a strong light immediately behind the face and figure, so as to make it a prominent feature amidst the darkness of the scene, for it was a night assault.

Collinet's exquisite quadrille band from London had been engaged, in addition to the

military one, which was to play martial airs as the company assembled, and during supper; a forage store tastefully decorated, had been appropriated to the latter, which, regardless of expense, was to be provided by the mess-men.

Meanwhile, invitations had been issued to all the leading people in the city and county, and as a fancy ball was a rare occurrence, the greatest excitement prevailed. As is usual upon such occasions, every attempt to procure cards was resorted to, and as the Major was chairman of the committee to carry out the whole affair, he was the mark at which all the fair part of the creation fired off their missiles in the shape of invitations, billet's-doux, pretty speeches, flattering compliments, kind glances, and winning smiles—the male portion were equally industrious, praising Skittowe's shooting, his riding to hounds, and numerous other accomplishments which had only lately been discovered.

There is no time during which the fashionable world lower themselves so much, as when a ball, a fête, or private theatricals are about to

take place. What can be more degrading to a lady of ancient lineage, if she happens not to be acquainted with the exclusives of London to be obliged to get a patroness to invite her company, and who probably stipulates that a few only of the provincial acquaintances of the real giver of the party should be invited. How humiliating is it, that upon the occasion of a fête being given, the lady of the house is compelled almost to go upon her knees, to get the élite, la crème de la crème, to honour her with their company, if but for a few moments, that the names may be blazoned forth in the fashionable columns of the "Morning Post," and "Court Journal." How mortifying must be the feeling not to know even by sight the names of a nineteenth part of your guests, who discuss the merits and demerits of the entertainment, as if it were a public assembly.

How galling to find that a few visiting-cards, and a notice in the newspapers, is all the return for the time, trouble, anxiety, expense in pulling your house to pieces for the amusement of those who, in many instances, do not invite you in

return to theirs. How irritating to overhear some exquisite drawl out, in speaking of your forthcoming *soirée*: "Oh! it will be dead slow; but I can get you asked, as tickets not filled up are going about begging;" and yet this is no exaggerated description of the manœuvres that are practised during the London season by those who would be deeply offended if they were called dependents; but who, in reality, are the slaves—the abject slaves—of fashion, although the above feeling is stronger in the metropolis than in the country, still it does exist; and there is nearly as much thrusting, scheming, and planning to get to the Mayor's party in a provincial town, as there is to receive an invitation to a ball given by one of the peeresses of the land at Almacks.

In court and rural life, the ambition to rise in the ladder shows itself on every opportunity. How often the aspirants lose their footing, or tip over, is a subject we will not at present discuss. Return we to the fancy ball more immediately under our province. For weeks, the milliners at Chichester had displayed in their



windows, Persian, Turkish, Spanish, Old English, Scotch, French, and Tyrolese dresses ; the tailors were equally active in the cause, and a man might have decked himself out as Coriolanus, Don Felix, Charles the Second, Rob Roy, William Tell, or Robin Hood, for the small sum of three or four guineas ; the hair-dressers had a wonderful collection of wigs, fitted for old men, rustic lads, Cavaliers, Roundheads, brigands, dons, nobles, clowns, pantaloons, and pierrots, independent of a large assortment for ladies, from Queen Elizabeth down to one of the Wierd Sisters. The booksellers' counters were filled with prints and costumes ; and the whole city looked more like an Eastern bazaar, than a quiet Cathedral town.

The discussions that took place as to the most becoming dresses, were highly amusing ; an antiquated spinster fancied that she would look remarkably well as la belle Stuart ; a stout, florid girl thought herself admirably suited for Melpomene ; a lady with light Saxon ringlets, considered she would be truly captivating as Bianca Fazio ; a clumsy hoyden selected

the character of the 'dance-loving' Terpsichore; a melancholy maiden, that of the joyous Thalia; a fright, the lovely Erato; a sentimental 'bread-and-butter' Miss, that of the romp; a scold decided on the gentle Anne Boleyn; a sour-tempered old maid felt herself equal to sweet Anne Page; a red-haired lassie determined to appear as the lovely Jessica; a dark-eyed maid of Judah resolved to represent the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar; a gawky matron deemed Juliet her *fort*; and a blooming mother would figure as Cora, the virgin of the sun.

Nor were the councils of the male portion of the creation less free from disquisition upon costume. A hero of five feet two aspired to the character of Hotspur, a youth with rueful countenance to Touchstone, one without the smallest particle of intellect to Hamlet, a rawboned Scot to Falstaff, an Emeralder to Roderick Dhu, a fat boy to Master Slender, a snub nosed hobbledehoy to Mark Anthony, a bandy legged gentleman to Rolla, an elderly beau to Doricourt, and a sheepish looking stripling to Macheath. In short, as with the

fairer sex, the most inappropriate characters were selected. It was arranged by the officers that they should all appear in uniform to receive their guests, and that afterwards they might don any costume they liked. This latter clause had been suggested by Major Skittowe, who wished to look killing upon the occasion. He had written to a celebrated theatrical tailor in London, to hire a King Charles the Second's dress, his order was quaint and laconic, five feet eight and perfect symmetry. At the Abbey, the party were not behind their neighbours in their preparations for the ball; my father and the members of his hunt, decided on the club dress, red coats with a fox embroidered on a green collar; my mother, who loved the tartan, chose the costume of the ill-fated daughter of James V. of Scotland, which was admirably suited to her features; Mademoiselle Leclerk had a dress made after Vandyke's portrait of Henrietta, wife of Charles the First, and last not least, in my own estimation, I, after much deliberation, determined to go as a magician, in which character I thought I should be able to

play off my pranks with impunity, for I grieve to say, in the absence of her who had checked my wild career, I was again as mischievous as ever. My costume was soon made up at home, an old black cloak of my mother's, covered with hieroglyphics, formed an excellent gabardine, while a red tunic with a broad hem, on which the signs of the Zodiac appeared ; a conical black hat, a black wig and beard, a horoscope, a pack of mystical cards, and an old fashioned walking stick, rendered me a good representative of the far-famed Doctor Faustus, who, as I ignorantly thought in those days from his name being attached to one I cannot mention, was an enchanter, and who I afterwards discovered to bear the name of John Faust, and to be one of the earliest printers, who in the year 1466, printed bibles in France, imitating manuscripts, and who nearly suffered as a sorcerer, from the French being unable to conceive how he could multiply copies of the sacred volume.

The important evening arrived at last, and shortly after nine o'clock, the company began to be set down at the barracks. The entrances

were brilliantly illuminated, and a temporary portico at the door of the ball-room, was lit with a variety of coloured lamps; here a guard of honour was placed over the King's colours, and those of the regiment, and the military band was drawn up on the opposite side,

“Within ’twas brilliant all and light,  
A thronging scene of figures bright.”

And there the officers formed a semicircle ready to receive their guests. Any attempt to enumerate the characters that assembled there, would be impossible; we have already hinted at the inappropriate costumes that had been selected, but they proved the exception to the rule, for generally speaking, nothing could exceed the taste of the wearers, or the splendour of their dresses. Four quadrilles—this dance at the period I write of was a recent importation from France—were arranged to represent the four quarters of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but instead of having all the characters in the same costume, only two, a lady

and gentleman, appeared alike. One couple of English in the time of Charles the Second; a second of French in the reign of Louis XIV, a third of Russia in the days of Peter the Great, a fourth of Austria, and so on, including Prussia, Spain and Italy, formed the European quadrille, while in the Asiatic one, Arabia, Persia, Judea, China, Georgia, Assyria, gave their aid; Africa was represented by tribes from Barbary, Egypt, Ethiopia, and Madagascar; and America furnished her quota from the banks of the Mississippi, Susquehana, Amazon, Rio de la Plata, and Oronoko.

At that period, we were happily at peace with the whole world, what a contrast to the present moment, when we are not only at war with one of the greatest military nations of Europe, but threatened with naval hostilities from a country with which we ought to live upon the most peaceful terms.\* But to our ball, no sooner

\* The above was written before peace had been proclaimed with Russia, and when a war with America seemed more than probable.

had the above sets been formed, than the whole company flocked round to see a dance denounced by the old as a terrible innovation upon country dances and Sir Roger de Coverly, and in which the young with cards, fans, or small books, bearing impresses of the figures, attempted to compete with their continental rivals.

Those who, in the present day, merely see a quadrille walked through, will scarcely believe the graceful way in which it was danced when first introduced. Hours in the morning were devoted to bring it to perfection ; and the *pas de Zéphyr*, and other Parisian steps, formed what has now degenerated into a careless slide, an ungraceful shuffle, and a coxcombical movement of head, shoulders and arms. Our friend, the Major, was a prominent character in the English quadrille, and bounded about like an infatuated Vestris between the sets. Skittowe took especial care to draw all his partners towards the transparency, and there to point out his own beautiful self, as with sword in hand, he cheered on his brave followers.

"Of course," said the Lothario, "Westbrook of ours, who painted it, has flattered me considerably, still, there is a likeness."

"A very strong one," responded the fair lady, who was honoured with his arm.

"I am much older than when that was taken," he continued; "and the campaign almost ruined my constitution."

"Beware the pride that apes humility," whispered a voice in his ear. He looked round, and saw the retiring figure of a sorcerer.

"I wonder who that is?" remarked the Major, "with his beard and artificial nose. He is quite a mask, and out of character at this fancy ball."

Nor were my remarks confined alone to the gallant officer; for, like a mischievous imp, I wandered up and down, making myself as disagreeable as possible. To an elderly lady who represented good Queen Bess, I told of her early conquests things that well-nigh shocked the propriety of the Virgin monarch. To a scold, dressed in the simple guise of a Quaker, I prophesied the downfall of her tyrannical dynasty.



A flirt attired as Rosamond Clifford, was warned by me of the intricate labyrinth her coquetry would lead her into. A prim damsel, decked out as night, was informed of sundry moon-light walks with a young cavalier. A young beauty, appropriately dressed as Venus, saw, in my horoscope, the conjunction of a son of Mars with that planet. A married woman, one of the Merry Wives of Windsor, found, in my magic volume, the name of a lover far more dangerous to the peace of mind of her good master Brook, than the fat wag Falstaff was to the object of his devotion.

Nor was I more lenient to the lords of the creation, whom I tormented in every possible way, by unpalatable remarks and practical jokes; and how? the reader who has an enquiring turn of mind will ask—was a stripling of my age to know the character of so many of the guests? The reply is easy. I found in Mrs. Swacliffe a most worthy coadjutrix—that coquettish abigail, somewhat soured at Monsieur Gallois' faithlessness, annoyed at Humphrey's unpleasant comments, and disappointed at finding

the new butler proof against her charms, consoled herself by becoming spiteful; and, like all weak minds, vented her malice on the unoffending. Not even the civilities of a few young military dandies, who approached the table where the *femme-de-chambre*, with some other dozen damsels, presided over the tepid tea and sour lemonade department, and who declared her to be 'a dem'd fine girl,' 'an insinuating creshor,' could restore her to good humour. Taking up a position in front of the huge receptacle for Bohea, and which, in size, vied with the satirically called "Little Teapot," in the Kent Road, I carried on an incipient flirtation with the handsome Matilda, and from her I learnt all the scandal of the city and neighbourhood, for which she herself was indebted to a Miss Holdich, at that period a fashionable milliner in Chichester. I will not attempt to enumerate half the practical jokes I played off, and which principally consisted in exchanging feathers from one hat to another, so that a Highland chief, instead of finding an eagle's plume, was obliged to content himself with one

of a domestic barn-door fowl ; locking up the supper-room ; counter-ordering dances ; and despatching an orderly to say that the carriages were not required before six o'clock in the morning. For a length of time, I managed to escape detection ; but, being found in the card-room, where a party of four, consisting of an irate sextogenarian admiral, a spinster of fifty, a deaf old dowager, and an irascible alderman, were indulging in a game of long whist, I was strongly suspected to be the individual who had abstracted the ace of hearts from each pack, and who had inserted some detonating globules into the wax candles. These "quips and cranks, and wanton wiles," most assuredly did not produce the "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," described by Milton ; and the murmuring against Doctor Faustus, and his infamous pranks was getting stronger and stronger. Fearing then that I should be discovered, I had resort to a ruse which proved eminently successful. Meeting a young friend who was dressed in a Spanish cloak, hat and feathers, I easily persuaded him to exchange

costumes ; and, doffing my beard and garb, soon appeared in a very different form to that I had been in. Then mixing with the crowd, I heard denunciations loud and deep levelled against the mischievous necromancer.

“ I don’t see the fun of it,” exclaimed one of my victims.

“ Shocking bad joke,” responded another.

“ It really ought not to be tolerated,” said a third.

In the meantime, my unsuspecting friend was greatly surprised at the sensation he had created, for he was followed everywhere ; but, being in a blissful state of innocence, he took no notice whatever of the looks that were cast at him. One thing, however, did astound him, when he went into the whist room, the whole party laid down their cards and watched his proceedings, afterwards, too, on inviting partners to dance, he found that they declined. One more quadrille was to take place before supper, when my friend proposed that I should restore him to his former costume, and as he was backed in his request by a stiff-starched aunt, well known to my parents, I was

reluctantly obliged to yield, and again I appeared as the doctor. The band had now struck up the "roast beef of old England" an intimation that supper was on the table; and as the usual rush to the doors took place, an event occurred, which figuratively, as well as practically, proved that the room was getting too hot to hold me; all of a sudden, the brilliant transparency already referred to as containing the portrait of Major Skittowe, burst into flames, and the 'fire of the eye' which the gallant officer had just described to his partner, was even more illumined than he had pronounced it to be.

"Turn out the guard—send for the engine," shouted a dozen voices.

"Ladies, there is no danger," cried a stentorian voice. "Remain quiet, and all will be well."

But, the words, although given in an impressive tone by one who could generally command obedience—my father—failed to produce the desired effect. A panic had been spread, and nothing but screams and shoutings were heard. In the mean time, the military were on the alert, the 'assembly' had been sounded, and in a few

minutes, hundreds of soldiers rushed from their rooms in their fatigue jackets; the Colonel, Adjutant, Captain, Subaltern of the day, had left the ball-room, and were soon actively employed in directing the movements of the troops. Lines of men were formed with buckets in their hands from the respective wells to the scene of the conflagration, while the engine (as is not generally the case), being in perfect order, soon began to play on the ill-fated transparency.

Upon the approach of this formidable machine, by six stalwart pioneers, the ladies, who had not previously left the ball-room, now rushed from it, some seeking the supper-room; others the main guard; while few remained in the Barrack yard, shivering under the influence of a cold northerly wind. The officers, headed by Major Skittowe, did all in their power to calm the fears of the guests; and, in many instances, their exertions proved successful. Albeit, eight or ten fainting forms, under the care of the medical men, showed that the consternation had produced its dire effect.

I have omitted to mention, that among other

practical jokes, I had established a wheel of fortune, by which I professed to tell the destinies of all who consulted me. Upon the question being asked from a card which I had prepared, I 'forced,' as the conjurors call it, an appropriate answer into the hands of the enquirer, and, in most instances, they were most piquant, having extracted them from a work which was an especial favourite with Mrs. Swacliffe—Peter Pindar.

No one appreciated the writings of this satirical medical man more than the above named abigail, who seldom passed a day without studying that celebrated poem, which, while it immortalizes a crawling, noxious, insect, gives a thorough, although rather censorious, insight into the life of George the Third, his courtiers, and dependants. It would be uninteresting to the reader to give all the waggish replies (as *I* thought them), to personages unmentioned in this autobiography; but one which the gallant Major Skittowe drew forth, upon asking me whether his love would be requited, may be worth mentioning, especially as it confirmed

the rumour that I was the author of the conflagration. A young and beautiful girl was hanging on the arm of this Narcissus, when he, out of breath with a waltz, sought the Necromancer, and the merry laugh that followed the reply, was Wormwood to his spirit, it ran as follows :—

“ Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,  
Panting and blowing like a blacksmith’s bellows.”

No sooner was I aware of the conflagration, than I ran off to ascertain whether there was any ladder within the building ; and soon found one, which the barrack sergeant informed me was used in the cavalry instead of the halberts, and to which many who suspected me to be the author of the mischief, would have gladly seen me tied, to expiate my supposed offence with, at least, two dozen lashes. To carry and place it against the wall, near the still burning transparency, was the work of a minute ; and, in less time than I can recount, I was mounted in the midst of the flames, tearing the fragments, and preventing their communicating with some gauze drapery, which went



the whole length of the building. This daring feat was attended with the greatest success, albeit I say it, that should not, and the fire was entirely extinguished ; had I not been a marked man, I should have been loudly cheered for the part I had taken ; as it was, I was looked upon with anger and mistrust ; and the storm which had long been gathering, now broke forth with terrific power.

In the meantime, through the exertions of the officers, the panic had subsided ; and many of the scared female guests, who had escaped from the danger of one element to contend with another, for the barrack-yard was saturated with water from the thawing snow, now returned to the ball-room, in a state that it is scarcely possible to describe. The splendid fancy dresses which, an hour before, had been so dazzling and picturesque, were bespattered with mud, and reminded one of the London May-day sweeps, on a rainy anniversary of this time-honoured and philanthropic custom of the Montagu family, now done away by the march of improvement. Yellow boots; buff buskins, embroidered

slippers, Roman sandals, diamond-buckled shoes were begrimed with ocre-coloured clay; white satin dresses, blue gauze skirts, cherry-coloured velvet robes, brocade trains, were stained with snowy water; silk tunics, embroidered cloaks, pink fleshings, coloured hose, classical togas, spangled trunks, had changed their hue; raven tresses, auburn locks, golden ringlets, were out of curl; and ruffs, collars, sleeves, looked limp and starchless. Shepherdesses' crooks, Cupid's bow and arrow, Mercury's caduceus, Norval's shield, Ellen's harp, Elizabeth's diadem, Mary's crown, the pilgrim's staff, warriors' swords, folly's cap and bells, the magician's wand, Polonius's staff of office, the Sultan's pipe, were all huddled together in a corner of the room.

In vain did the musicians try to get up a quadrille or waltz; no one was bold enough to stand up in their damaged dresses. The tea-table had been deserted; and not one of the blooming abigails that had tended over it, were to be found at their posts.

Supper was now again announced; and, as I made the best of my way towards the door that led

to it, imprecations deep, not loud, reached my ears ; a smile of satisfaction beamed alone from one, who, half hid from public gaze by the temporary orchestra, watched the proceedings with evident delight ; and yet Mrs. Swacliffe, for it was no less a personage than herself, was not usually an ill-natured being ; something had evidently ruffled her temper ; and, from the angry look she gave Major Skittowe, I could not help fancying he had fallen under her displeasure.

“ Sir William has been looking for you everywhere,” said she, in a kind voice ; “ and I fear he is dreadfully angry with you, Master Arthur, and wishes to take you away.”

Thanking la belle Matilda for her information, I stealthily entered the supper-room ; and, being extremely hungry and thirsty, posted myself in a quiet corner, next to a deaf old lady, who, I judged from her infirmity, would not have been made acquainted with my real and supposed delinquencies.

Having satisfied her craving with sundry substantial condiments, and having administered

a glass of very hot port wine negus, I set to work with that appetite peculiar to youths; and in the enjoyment of these creature comforts, soon forgot the sword, which, Damocles like, was hanging over me, suspended by a single thread.

Silence was now proclaimed; and the Lord-Lieutenant of the county rose to propose the health of the givers of the ball; in a brief, but appropriate, speech, he referred to the liberality and good taste of the officers, whose gentlemanlike conduct had been shamefully requited by one, who, setting every rule of decorum at defiance by what were termed practical jokes, had nearly caused the deaths of many.

This toast was received with acclamations, and drank with enthusiasm; in replying to it, the commanding officer expressed a hope that the fire had been produced by accident; as, making allowances for the exuberance of youth, he could not bring himself to believe that any one who pretended to call himself a gentleman, could be guilty of so base and cowardly an action.

The health of the ladies was then given, and

responded to by Major Skittowe, who was deputed, some said, by himself, to return thanks on behalf of the fair sex.

During the whole of the above period, I found myself the object of observation ; and, if my eyes had failed me, my ears would have borne testimony to the fact, that I was the subject of conversation.

As the tricks I had been guilty of were trifling, compared with the grand *dénouement*, I could scarcely account for the black looks that still were levelled against me, when all further doubt was removed by the appearance of my father, who, as the ladies now rose from the respective tables, beckoned me towards him.

By the stern appearance of his brow, I saw that something extraordinary had occurred.

“Arthur,” said he, with a firm, yet kind, voice, “I never knew you to tell me a lie, you are suspected of having, out of mischief, set fire to the transparency ; and, without looking at the result, which might have proved fatal to hundreds, the action was childish and ungentlemanlike. The remarks that I have

heard, would make me blush to own you as my son, if indeed they are founded in truth."

"Set fire to the transparency!" I responded; "on my word of honour, I am guiltless of any such action—nay, more—the moment I observed it, I flew to do my best to extinguish the flames—father, believe me, I am innocent of that, although I own I have been guilty of many, many follies, during the course of this evening."

"Oh! they are trifles, my boy," replied my warm-hearted parent, "compared with the graver offence, for the conflagration was the work of design, not accident. How happy this assurance will make your mother; and, armed with your authority for contradicting the slander, I will meet your assailants, and boldly confront them, now I know that I have right on my side, come with me, Arthur."

Taking me by the hand, he led me to the upper end of the supper-table, where the male visitors still remained, and who were, at that moment, about to fill a bumper to the absent fair ones. A few words to the commanding-officer, said in a tone sufficiently loud for those

immediately around him to hear, had produced the desired effect ; and my father took his seat, perfectly satisfied that I was exonerated from the grave charge that had been made against me.

Unfortunately, in the days I write of, two vices existed in England—namely, drinking and duelling—the former too often leading to the latter. Whether the excitement of the evening, the coldness of the night, the goodness of the champagne, had induced many of the company to offer large libations to the ‘rosy monarch of the vine,’ I know not ; but, unquestionably, not a few were under his influence. Unfortunately, a party sat opposite Sir William who were as ‘uproarious and glorious’ as those described by the Scottish poet in Tam O’Shanter, and evidently rife for a disturbance.

“A groan for the necromancer !” cried one, pointing at me ; “turn out the incendiary,” responded another, fixing his eyes on the supposed culprit.

“Remain here,” said my father, rising from his chair and proceeding towards the excited

conclave. Upon reaching it, a few words were exchanged, but evidently not in an amiable tone, as was proved by the loud voice and violent gestures of the principal speaker, who had been the first to attack me. A formal bow from Sir William, and the presentation of his card, soon put an end to the conference; and, when I joined him, I found he was in earnest conversation with an old naval friend, Admiral Desborough.

From the calm manner in which my father had conducted the affair, no one, except the Admiral and myself, were aware of what had taken place. His object had been to avoid all publicity, so that the meeting might not be stopped, and that my mother should remain in ignorance of it.

"Desborough is going home with us to the Abbey," said Sir William, in a cheerful strain; "I have a little business to transact with him early in the morning."

At this announcement, my heart beat, my temples throbbed, and my whole frame was in a state of trepidation; I felt that I would have given worlds for a friend, to whom I could have entrusted the fatal secret.



Little conversation occurred during our drive ; but this was easily accounted for, after the fatigue and excitement of the evening.

“We shall require breakfast at six o’clock, and the chariot, with a pair of horses, at half past,” said my father, then wishing me good night, in a more impressive manner than usual, he retired with his friend into the small library in which he transacted his business.

To sleep that night was impossible ; and after turning and turning over in my bed, and dozing for a few seconds, the turret clock struck five, when I roused myself and got up. Stealthily reaching the stables, I remained unnoticed, having hid myself behind some trusses of straw, and here unwittingly I played the eaves-dropper ; for no sooner did the coachman and groom make their appearance, than the conversation turned upon the extraordinary circumstance that had taken place the night before.

“They do say in the room,” remarked the master of the horse, “that Sir William has challenged Captain Roby, of the Marines, for accusing Master Arthur of setting fire to the

transparency ; and I heard Mrs. Swacliffe tell the cook that the Captain is a dead shot, and that he has killed no less than three men, and winged two in duels in Canady, Jamaica, and other outlandish places."

"Well, it's a bad job," responded the coachman, "and brought about by young Master Arthur's wild pranks, not that I believe he set the picture on fire by design, for to give—" here the knight of the whip alluded to one whose name I forbear to mention—"his due, he wouldn't intentionally hurt a worm."

"There's no one going with the carriage," continued the latter, "so you had better buckle the leathern apron over the rumble."

As the day had not yet broke, I watched my opportunity ; and, when the coast was clear, I mounted the rumble, and hid myself under the seat. In a few minutes, my father and the Admiral made their appearance, the latter conveying a small mahogany case, which he placed in the carriage ; and, entering the vehicle, they were driven off towards Lavant. After passing the turnpike-gate, they both alighted, and, ordering

the coachman to wait their return, walked towards a spot where three gentlemen were already in attendance.

Descending from my hiding-place, I crossed the road, and, creeping along the hedge, reached the skirts of the common, or 'broil,' as it is called, where the high furze gave me a shelter from observation. Who can describe the mental pang I suffered, when I saw one of the party place his stick in the ground and measure twelve paces? To show myself, I was fully aware, would only upset my father, without producing any good effect, as I knew his character for determination too well, to suppose for a moment he would be averted from his purpose by the entreaties of a youth; all I had, therefore, left me, was patiently to await the issue.

The principals now took their ground, the respective seconds placing the deadly weapons in their hands; the fifth gentleman, who I recognized as a surgeon, then in great practice at Chichester, retired behind a tree, and was soon employed in opening a small wooden case, which I afterwards heard contained his instru-

ments, and preapring other appliances, in the event of his services being called into requisition.

“Gentlemen, are you ready?” said Admiral Desborough.

Both the belligerents answered in the affirmative.

“When I say ‘make ready,’ you may cock your pistols; and, when I drop my handkerchief, you will both fire at once.”

The word was given—the signal was made; and the two flashes followed instantaneously. No sooner had the smoke cleared away, than I saw Captain Roby extended on the ground; in less time than I can describe it, the surgeon was by his side, and my father anxiously inquiring about the nature of the wound.

“I freely exonerate you, Sir, from all blame. Had I not been inflamed with wine, I should have at once expressed my regret at the unguarded, and I now believe, unfounded, attack I made against your son. I now recall my words, and offer you my hand.”

My father grasped it warmly, and assisted the rest of the party in conveying the disabled man

to a neighbouring cottage. Happily, the ball had only entered the fleshy part of the thigh, and no danger was apprehended ; indeed, under the skilful treatment of Mr. Hickman, Captain Roby was pronounced ready to be removed to Chichester ; and my father, calling up his own carriage, insisted upon taking the patient with him back to the Abbey, where he could remain quietly until he was able to join his corps at Portsmouth. His friend, Captain Plumridge, was invited to accompany him ; but he declined, being obliged to attend a court-martial at Gosport ; he promised, however, to be the bearer of a letter to the Commanding-Officer of the Marines, enclosing a medical certificate from Dr. Hickman, and a few lines from Admiral Desborough, explaining the whole particulars of the meeting.

The surgeon took charge of the wounded man, the former having placed what was then termed a pill-box, *id est*, one-horse chaise, at Sir William's disposal ; just as he and his old friend were stepping into it, I made my appearance ; and, warmly shaking my father's hand,

told him of the part I had taken in the proceeding, and for which I was highly commended, not alone for the feeling I had shown, but for my judgment in not having interfered before the lists were entered—forming ‘bodkin,’ as the term goes—would the erudite writers of the ‘Notes and Queries’ tell me from whence this expression is derived?—we reached home in much greater spirits than we left it; and the affair having been broke to my mother in a most feeling way, by the Admiral, we assembled at prayers in a tone of mind in accordance with the serious reflection that entered every one’s breast, for the dangers averted, and mercies bestowed.

To those who live in the peaceful days of Queen Victoria, when an appeal to arms is almost unknown, the hostile meetings that took place in the reigns of George II. and III. would be perfectly astounding; no gentleman, however unconscious of offence, could refuse one duells, if called upon by the caprice or ill-temper of some fire-eater; to decline a challenge, would have stamped a man with the indelible stain of

cowardice ; and, although duelling was positively prohibited by the articles of war, where it is enacted, that " no officer shall presume to give or send a challenge to any other officer to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered ;" there were many who thought that their military career ought to begin with an immediate proof of their courage, either by quarrelling with or challenging some of their comrades, and who felt it incumbent upon them to signalize themselves by fighting some man of known bravery, entirely forgetting that admirable axiom that ' one gallant exploit against the public enemy confers more honour upon an officer, than a hundred such meetings,' and not bearing in mind that the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were, undoubtedly, most valiant men, never drew their swords, except against an enemy, in their country's quarrel. In the days I write of, the general feeling was, that the practice could not be entirely abolished ; it was argued that the dread of being called to a personal account kept people in awe ; and that thousands of mannerly and well-accomplished gentlemen, in Europe, would have turned out

insupportable coxcombs, without so salutary a curb, to keep under restraint their natural petulance. These shallow reasoners forgot that the act of duelling in itself is uncharitable, unsocial, nay, inhuman. That it is diametrically opposite to the forgiving meekness of Christianity, which teaches us to eschew revenge, forbids murder and shedding of blood. Honour, according to their worldly interpretation, rises up in bare-faced opposition, commanding us to fight for trifles, justifies murder, and palliates revenge. Happily, in our time, such meetings are rare, and the generally understood determination of the highest personage in the realm, to support those who have sufficient moral courage to decline an appeal to arms, will entirely put an end to so barbarous a custom.

The four bottle man, and the 'dead shot,' who scored the number of victims upon the barrels of the murderous weapons, with which, to adopt the unfeeling phraseology of the day, he had 'winged' his adversary, have ceased to exist; and the ring in Hyde Park, Wimbledon



Common, and Chalk Farm, where many a noble fellow has fallen, are no longer the scenes of vindictive passions, savage encounters, and hot-headed murder. Even in the Emerald Isle, the 'Galway practice' is almost extinct, and the brave sons of Ireland have found a more noble field for the display of their unflinching courage and bravery in the wilds of the Crimea, or the trenches of Sebastopol, than they did in 'parading' a friend 'on the daisies,' at the Curragh, in the Phoenix Park, or by the banks of the canal.

## CHAPTER VIII

“Ah! nut-brown partridges! Ah! brilliant pheasants!  
And ah! ye poachers! 'Tis no sport for peasants.”

BYRON.

OUR two last chapters have depicted the awful state of anger the Major was in at the practical jokes that had been played off upon him; and that redoubtable character vowed vengeance against the perpetrators of them; happily for the principal culprit, the author of the conflagration was not discovered, and the minor pleasantries in which I had acted the leading part, were never known beyond the precincts of the kennel and stable, where I amused

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the huntsman and grooms with a full, true, and particular account of them.

The morning appointed for the second day's shooting arrived, and at an early hour my father, myself, and three other guns, including Major Skittowe and Captain Coxwell, reached the rendezvous at the back of the dog-kennel.

"Happy to see you, Major, and your friend, Captain Coxwell," said Sir William.

The officers tendered their acknowledgments. Here be it remarked, that so grateful was the Major for the kind manner in which his brother-in-arms had relieved him from his difficulty in mounting 'Snowdon,' that he had asked for a day's shooting for him, a request which had been readily responded to.

"Well, Major," continued the proprietor of the estate. "You acquitted yourself admirably last week with the pheasants. I hope your servant has not suffered much from the accident."

"Sims, step forward," responded the Major, "and thank Sir William."

The worthy private stood at attention, then

advanced one step to the front, and brought his right hand to a level with his forehead.

Preparations were now made for commencing operations, and after some jocular remarks, it was agreed that Skittowe was to take home all he killed. Stimulated with this hope, the Major determined to do his best to make up a good bag, for in the days I write of, game was not saleable, and a present of a few brace of pheasants would (so the lady-killer thought) raise him in the estimation of many of the fair daughters of the creation. Sims, as on a former occasion, was promised a shilling for every rabbit, hare, and pheasant, that his master killed; and although still suffering a little from the effects of his late accident, was quite as anxious to face the danger (which fatal experience ought to have taught him was considerable), not alone on account of lucre, but from a real *esprit-de-corps* in favour of his master.

"Two guns to the right, the rest will come with me," exclaimed my father.

"We'll beat the Valdoe, and then try the kitchen garden plantation."

"Captain, will you go with the Major," said the keeper. "You'll find some pheasants near the hollies."

The gallant officer readily assented, and proceeded to his destination.

"We shall have some ground shooting, and require three quick guns," continued the speaker, "besides, the Captain is nearly as dangerous a customer as the Major."

Skittowe, who began by missing every shot, at last became desperate; the first objects upon which he wreaked his vengeance were a couple of rabbits and a hare, all of which were killed in the most unsportsmanlike manner. The lynx eyes of private John Sims had now espied two pheasants snugly perched in a larch tree, and to secure this double prize was the object of both master and man. Coxwell, who had bagged two brace of pheasants, and a few hares, having exhausted his ammunition, gave his gun to Sims to carry, while he replenished his powder-horn and shot belt, at the keeper's lodge, where he wished to speak to the owner on the subject of a ferret. In the mean time, no

sooner had the bătman possessed himself of the weapon, then he loaded both barrels.

"There, Major," said he, "you can take a double shot at those birds, if you wound them, I will prevent their getting away."

Skittowe took a long aim at one pheasant, while his servant, unknown to his master, covered the other.

Bang! bang! bang! went three barrels, and down came the two birds. Sims seized the prizes, exclaiming,

"I never saw so fine a double shot," and making no allusion whatever in the part he had enacted in this bloody tragedy, quietly bagged the game.

The Major, elated with his success, accompanied by Captain Coxwell, and private Sims, now joined the rest of the party, who were enjoying a rural repast, in the substantial form of cold pigeon pie, bread, cheese, and home brewed ale, in the snug parlour of the honest old huntsman, Tom Grant. At first, the hero of the Fox's brush was rather shy at entering the apartment; but soon his hunger overcame his

scruples, and putting a good face upon it, he boldly walked in.

"Well, Major, what have you done?" asked my father.

"I killed a brace of pheasants, near the hollies," replied Skittowe, scarcely able to repress his joy.

"Here *are* the Major's birds," said the keeper, entering, "a cock and hen."

"A fine of half-a-guinea," I exclaimed.

"A fine—a fine," responded the rest.

"Might I trouble you for that loaf," proceeded the gallant poacher, anxious to change the subject.

"What say you to some *pye*?" I mischievously asked, "the *poet* not the *pigeon* I mean—you remember his lines," which I shouted forth in a true school-boy style:—

"But when the hen, to thy discerning view,  
Her sable pinion spreads—of duskier hue,  
The attendant keeper's prudent warning hear,  
And spare the offspring of the future year;  
Else shall the fine, which custom laid of old,  
Avenge her slaughter by the forfeit gold."

The word "slaughter" grated somewhat harshly upon our sportsman's ears ; and, anxious to put an end to the discussion, he gave the keeper half-a-guinea, muttering to me,

"I see you like to have a finger in everybody's *Pye* !"

The hasty meal being over, the "gunners" crossed the park towards the kitchen garden, and here they were joined by some ladies from the house.

"How successful you have been, Major," said one.

"Quite a first-rate sportsman, I hear," observed another.

"We really must see you shoot," exclaimed a third.

Anxious to put the powers of the Major to the test, for the keeper had insinuated that he was only a dead hand at birds on their perch, or hares on their form, I easily persuaded my father to let Skittowe walk through a field at the end of the garden-plantation, where many pheasants were feeding.

This was readily agreed to, and the keepers



and beaters having formed into line, the Major took his post in the centre of it, and then commenced a scene that baffles all description. The pheasants and partridges were getting up at every moment, right under the nose of the crack shot; hares were crossing his path at every second; and he was firing right and left, without hitting a feather.

Sims, who acted as loader, employed himself in handing the Captain's gun to the Major, as soon as he had discharged his own, and by this means Skittowe must, at the lowest calculation, have fired forty shots without touching a head of game. Some of the rustics actually laid down in the field to hide their broad grins, the keepers could not repress their merriment, the ladies smiled, and even the good-humoured host, and his friends were unable to check their laughter, while I shouted aloud at the futile attempts of the lady (pheasant) killer.

"You're too quick!"

"You've left your *straight* powder at home."

"Sims has forgot to put in the shot," with

other similar remarks, for which I ought to have received a good flagellation.

In no way disconcerted, the Major continued his walk, and coming up to a stack of hay, close to a paddock, the bătman quietly hinted, that perhaps he might get a shot from behind it. Skittowe stealthily advanced with his gun to the shoulder, for he was now entirely hid from the party in the park, and found to his great delight some dozen pheasants quietly feeding, heedless of the impending danger. In a second, Skittowe fired both barrels into the centre of them, and two fell dead. Great, however, was his consternation on taking them up to find they were of the gentler sex.

While ruminating over the fine of another guinea, Sims pointed to a spot, exclaiming,

“There she sits!”

“Where? where?” enquired the other.

“There! right along my stick.”

The Major, not wishing to throw away a chance, went through a military evolution, which produced the desired effect. “Steady! Sims.” The well-drilled soldier stood as erect

as if he had been on parade, his commandant then took two paces to the rear, gave the order, "Front rank, kneel." Down went Sims. "Make ready ! Present !" at the word of command, the private shouldered his stick, and pointed it at the timid animal. Guided by this, Skittowe fired his right barrel, and blew the enemy into the air.

"Bravo, Major ! a brace of pheasants and a hare," said the astonished bătman.

"It's too dark to load again," responded the sportsman, delighted at having made so good a bag.

"There's something moving there, Sir, close to the stack. The left barrel is loaded," whispered the trusty servant, at the same time handing Captain Coxwell's gun to his master.

Skittowe lost no time in pulling the trigger, and, as the smoke cleared away, he triumphantly exclaimed,

"He won't move !"

Sims advanced, and groping about in some loose hay and high grass pulled out the unresisting prize—a huge rat !

At this moment, the head-keeper hailed the Major, who lost no time in joining the rest of the party, when the ladies bantered him not a little upon his prowess in the turnip field, and where the sportsmen looked very credulous, when the brace of pheasants and hare were brought forward as trophies of his exploits.

"Well, Major," said my father, "you claim two brace of pheasants and a hare. Pray take them with you."

"But who claims this splendid specimen of the rat tribe?" I impudently inquired, as I threw down the result of the Major's last shot, which the keeper had given me.

"But what's that smoke? the stack's on fire."

"Send to the garden and the house for the engines," shouted my father, as he saw the flames issuing from the haystack, near which his gallant guest had committed such havoc.

In a few moments, the engines were brought into play; but as no supply of water was near, after the first discharge, the flames got the ascendancy, and the rick was consumed.

"Another conflagration," said Skittowe, to himself, "why the demon of fire seems to be abroad. I wonder how it occurred?" continued he, aloud, "probably some labourer has dropped the contents of his lighted pipe near the dry stubble."

"No doubt, Major," responded the bătman.

"You see," I replied maliciously, "accidents will happen, and sometimes an innocent person is accused wrongfully, but we had better proceed towards the Abbey, dinner is ordered at six o'clock."

Thus ended this important day's sport, in which the hero of it bagged four pheasants and one hare, the cost being a guinea and a half as fines, independent of fees to the keepers, beaters, and private Sims; and the loss to Sir William Pembroke being one haystack, value eighty pounds, which had been set on fire by the last discharge of the Major against the unoffending rat.

The dinner proceeded in the way such repasts were wont to pass off in the days we write of—when port wine was drunk on the premises to

an awful extent, as were many of the guests—when mirth, song and repartee abounded—when the feast of reason and the flow of *bowl* prevailed—when bumper toasts were forced upon the company, under penalties of saline potations, and when Father Mathew and his followers were unknown.

As a matter of course, the Major's health was drank in three times three ; during the course of the evening he had been fined a glass of salt and water, or a pint bottle of claret, at one draught, the latter of which he joyfully paid, and having eat, drank, smoked, demolished "devils," and quaffed brandy and water during a sitting of eight hours, my readers will not be surprised to hear that Skittowe was carried to bed "rather the worse for liquor," or "incompetent to take care of himself," as the phrases run ; and that he awoke at mid-day with a racking headache, totally unfit for any duty, save that of an attack upon sundry bottles of soda and seltzer-waters. Sims who was a trustworthy and attentive servant, had got a lift in the break, which went early into Chichester for the letters, and had

proceeded to the barracks where he made a report to the Adjutant, that the Major had been seized during the night with an illness, that would prevent his attendance at the morning muster; he then ascertained the detail of other duties for the day, and returned to the Abbey in time to answer his master's bell.

"The regiment is ordered to parade at half past two, Major, when the proceedings of the general court-martial, upon Paymaster Jones of the —th will be read." Sims laid a particular stress upon the number of the corps, evidently proud that it was not his own.

"Order the dennet at one o'clock, and see the game carefully put in."

"Sir William Pembroke," proceeded the help, "has ordered three brace of pheasants and two couple of woodcocks to be sent with his compliments to the officers' mess. I did not take them in this morning, as there will be plenty of room for them in the dennet."

The Major smiled assent, and in his agitation of delight at the splendid present he was to be the bearer of, cut his unfortunate chin in two

places with the well stropped anti-Plantagenet razor prepared for his use. At one o'clock, the vehicle was announced, and it presented a sight not very unlike that of a Norwich coach at Christmas, in the days when horse-flesh had not been driven off the roads by steam. The woodcocks, a brace and a half of pheasants, and a hare, were hung upon the lamp irons, while the rest of the game (to which we shall presently allude) was stowed away beneath the body of the carriage. Skittowe was decked out in the full dress uniform of his corps, and Private John Sims was equipped in a new livery, Neptune standing between his master's legs, and the Manton ostentatiously displayed to public gaze.

On his road to the barracks, the Major remembered that he had commissions to execute in the East, West, South, and North streets. As he entered the suburb of the city, he could not help remarking that the boys did not appear to be much awed with his military appearance, or surprised with the result of his sportsmanlike qualities. They laughed, grinned, and shouted



words which sounded to the sensitive ears of the gallant officer very much like "What a whopper!" "What a tail! why farmer Halsted has a barn full on 'em!" The two first expressions might be applicable to the hare and pheasants, but the latter puzzled even the acute perception of the bătman. The Major having stopped at the then well known, and still flourishing emporium of fancy articles and stationary, had desired his name to be put down in the five shilling lottery for a splendid specimen of Tunbridge Wells ware, in the shape of a lady's writing-case, and in return had received a thousand winning smiles and congratulations from the young beauties who presided over the "nicknackery" department of the establishment.

"What beautiful birds! You must be a good shot, Major," said the fair Fanny, darting a killing glance at the gallant officer, far more likely to prove fatal to one of his sex than the Major's fowling-piece to any of the feathered tribe. Skittowe looked unutterable things, and set this down in his own mind as a new and

easy conquest. Poor vain, conceited, misshapen mass of humanity! How egregiously did he deceive himself! it was merely a look in the way of business, extended to all good customers—a sort of *counter-feit* that passed current with every modern Narcissus. From that time to the present, the still blooming fair has retained her smile, and, more precious than that, her good repute.

The Major now again got into his dennet, and drove towards the Cross, where a party of raw recruits, and other aspiring heroes, were being told of the glories of a soldier's life—of prize-money and promotion—of how every red coat was adored by the fair sex—of how honour and riches attended the warrior's career.

“Attention!” cried the recruiting sergeant, seeing the approach of a field-officer.

The untrained men did their best to attend to their superior's command; but their dress and awkwardness gave one more the idea of Falstaff's ragged army, than what they really turned out in a few weeks to be—well-disciplined soldiers.

"You've got some fine lads there, Sergeant," said the Major.

"Regular death or glory boys," responded the non-commissioned officer.

"He, he, he ! lor, look ! what a tayl !" exclaimed a gawky youth, equipped in a smock frock, a black military stock, with his wide-awake hat—in those days confined to the followers of the plough—ornamented with red and blue ribands.

"Silence, Budden !"

"Why, I harn't seen such a one since we had young Crib, 'Squire Newman's tarrier in the old granary—eh, eh, eh !" And at this, the clod indulged in what is termed (the derivation of which we cannot explain) a regular horse-laugh ; this spread through the ranks, and a general titter followed.

"Budden, you're incorrigible," continued the sergeant ; "at the next offence, we'll try what the black-hole can do. Furst I tries civility, then I tries sewerity."

The dread of punishment restored the ranks to order, although the Major could still perceive

a suppressed smile upon the rigid features of the Sergeant.

The thought of another hoax flitted across Skittowe's mind; and, as he descended from his vehicle, under the pretence of going into a shop, he began to smell figuratively what afterwards his olfactory senses had an opportunity of doing in downright reality; looking under the dennet, he found attached to it by a string, the identical long-tailed rat he had killed the previous afternoon, and which now fully accounted for the jeers and remarks he had met with.

Begging no further notice might be taken of Budden's indiscretion, and giving the Sergeant a small present for himself and his merry men to drink the King's health with, the disconcerted Major jumped into his vehicle, drove into a bye street, and there ordered John Sims to remove the nasty animal. Who placed it there was never known; although a strong suspicion attached itself to the promoter of the former practical jokes.

No sooner had Skittowe freed himself of that which had proved worse than ratsbane to him,

than he paraded that portion of the town which previously he had not driven through, stopping at various houses and shops to leave cards, and make enquiries after articles he never dreamt of purchasing. It now approached the hour when the regiment would be turning out in the barrack-yard; and the gallant officer so timed his movements as to enter the gates just as the men were assembling in their respective squads; and at the very moment the guard was under arms to pay compliment to the Lieutenant-colonel, who, as a married man, resided in the town. The officers were lounging before the doors of the mess-house.

“Why, what has the Major got?” said one.

“He was to have brought away all he killed,” responded Captain Coxwell; “but I fancied it was not a third of what I now see.”

“Two couple of woodcocks!” exclaimed Ned Jerningham, a stripling, who had lately joined. “Why, there’ll be no holding him. I was told he could not hit a barn-door in a month.”

“A better hand at a haystack,” rejoined

Captain Riddle, who had heard in the town of the deeds of the unintentional rick-burner.

The Major now descended from his dennet; and, ringing the messman's bell, requested that Sir William Pembroke's present might be reported to the president of that establishment. He then begged his own game might be hung up in the larder, and betook himself to thinking over the names of those friends by whom such a gift would be most acceptably received, and from whom he should, in return, meet with the most grateful acknowledgment. Whilst ruminating upon the subject, the regiment fell in, and the Colonel having some military correspondence to attend to, requested the Major to take the command. This was accordingly done; but, previous to reading the court-martial, the men were to march past, and go through sundry evolutions. So full, however, was the head of Skittowe with hares and pheasants, that he could scarcely bring his mind to pay proper attention to the duties of the day.

The waggish servant, Lissardo, in one of the best of English comedies, 'The Wonder,' tells

Violante, that "words are the pictures of the mind, and that to prove his master thinks of nothing but her, on returning home with a brace of partridges from shooting, he told him to bid the cook roast these Violantes." And upon the occasion we refer to, had not the Adjutant been at the Major's side, we question much whether the gallant officer would not have blundered out, "Hare to the right," instead of "Three's right," or exclaimed, "Down charge," "Mark woodcock," "Rabbit to the left," in lieu of "Attend to the markers," "Trail arms," "Charge to the front," or "Left shoulders forward."

The mess dinner that day went off very merrily. Sir William's health was drank with the honours, not alone out of gratitude for his liberal present, but for the kind and hospitable attention he universally paid to the military. The Colonel had given half a dozen of champagne, in addition to which, young Jerningham, whom I have already alluded to as having just joined, and who had commented so severely upon his superior's want of prowess, had paid

his customary entrance fee of wine; it was, therefore, rather a late, or more correctly speaking, an early hour, before the party dispersed. . Were we to record the enormous quantity of wine that was consumed upon the above occasion, we should be denounced in no measured terms by the teetotalers of the present day.



## CHAPTER. IX

“Now the fair is at the full.”

OLD SONG.

THE unenviable notoriety I had gained throughout the country, created the deepest anxiety in the breast of my parents, who were both most desirous that I should be sent to some strict college, where I might be prepared for the army or navy, those two professions being left open for my choice. My father suggested the artillery, but I declined, for a reason which I am now almost ashamed to own, namely, that I thought the scarlet coat more

becoming than the blue; my ambition was to enter the Guards, but as I was to be a soldier of fortune, and my proposed allowance being limited, the idea of a commission in the Household Brigade was abandoned. While hesitating between the Line and the Sea, I consulted Admiral Desborough, who had now become a constant visitor at the Abbey; and he, as a matter of course, inclined to the profession in which his career had been so much distinguished.

This open-hearted sailor possessed every characteristic of a British naval officer, he was generous, disinterested, straightforward, honourable, and as brave as a lion. Those who saw his undecorated breast, for the orders of knighthood were confined to a chosen few, or heard the veteran talk of the naval war between the years 1793 and 1815, would scarcely have credited the brilliant feats he had performed, not alone in general actions, but in command of boats, when employed in the most hazardous enterprises; he was present at Lord Howe's victory, with Sir Richard Strachan in his action off the coast of France, he commanded a party

in cutting out a Spanish corvette, took part in the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, the bombardment of Flushing; and was severely wounded in boarding an American frigate, after a most desperate encounter, which terminated in the star spangled banner of Columbia striking to the meteor flag of old England.

The life of a "middy" on shore, at home, or in foreign parts, was admirably suited to my temperament, but the discipline that was exercised on board ship, should fortune place one under the command of a tyrant, (of which there were not a few) made me consider before I decided the weighty question. While ruminating over the above, a letter from my old schoolfellow, Edward Purchas,) who the reader will probably remember acted as *cicisbeo* on my first entrance at Dr. Burls' academy at Kennington) determined me to adopt the naval profession, a result which was highly satisfactory to my father, who thought the sea the best profession for a scapegrace like myself.

Young Purchas had lately been appointed to the 'Daring' frigate, then fitting out at Ports-

mouth for the Mediterranean, and so graphic a description did he give me of the "larks" at the Blue Posts, in that maritime town, that I longed to join him without further delay. No sooner had I made up my mind upon this subject, than Sir William addressed a letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty, who by return of post appointed me to the above mentioned ship, and my delight was unbounded at the thought of again meeting a "chum," whose ideas of fun entirely agreed with my own. Two days were allowed me to prepare, which period was quite ample, as my uniform and sea stock were to be procured at Portsmouth. I pass over the leave taking in which both parents did their best to impress upon my mind the necessity of reforming my mischievous propensities, or they would assuredly bring me into trouble, and ruin my prospects for life. Alas! for my future prospects, this salutary advice was disregarded, "the seed had fallen by the wayside," instead of taking deep root in the heart. At an early hour, a chaise was at the door to convey me to my destination, Admiral

Desborough had kindly offered to accompany me, but I gratefully, but respectfully declined. Armed with a letter to Captain Sutherland of the 'Daring,' with an injunction to proceed at once on board, I bade my father and mother adieu, and having kissed the blooming Swacliffe, and shaken hands with all the servants, I was soon on my road at a smart pace, the promise of five shillings to the postboy having induced that venerable functionary to break into a brisk trot from the snail-like amble in which he had commenced his journey. Nothing occurred worth recording, until I reached the High Street, Portsmouth, when the first object that attracted my attention was a tandem, the leader of which was evidently of a different opinion with the driver, the quadruped having turned round to stare the biped in the face, with a determined look, which seemed to indicate that no power on earth would tempt him to move on. In vain did the conductor ply his whip, the lash of which was entangled by a sudden jerk of the horse's head; the wheeler too, roused by the sound began to rear,

and danger threatened the "knight of the whip," when I suddenly alighted, and seizing the head of the refractory steed, saved the dog-cart and its inmate from an upset.

"What Arthur, old fellow, is it you?" exclaimed a voice, which I instantly recognised as that of Edward Purchas, but who was so encased with a huge driving coat, and enveloped in shawls, that no portion of his countenance, save and except his nose and eyes were visible, and the latter were partly hid by a broad-brimmed slouched hat, then the fashion of the road.

"How happy I am to see you, Edward," I responded, grasping him warmly by the hand, "but where are you off to? I thought you were obliged to be on board."

"Oh! it's all right, I've got leave for two days to visit my old Aunt at Ryde."

"Ryde," I repeated, "why you'll be a long time driving there."

"Oh, you are not 'fly,' I see," proceeded the middy, "I got a 'pal' at the Blue Posts to write me a note in the old lady's name, but

instead of sailing to the Isle of Wight, I laid an embargo on this 'craft' and having fitted out an 'outrigger,' was off for the downs, not the anchorage, but Portsdown, where the annual fair is being held."

"Fair! how long does it last?" I inquired.

"Only two days," he replied, "but send that rattling vehicle to the 'Blue Posts,' tell the post-boy to order a bed, and jump into my trap."

"Impossible," I rejoined, "I have a letter to Captain Sutherland, which ought to be delivered this morning, besides I have to order my uniform, buy a chest, and whatever else is requisite; I must then go on board, and report myself."

"It's no use whatever going on board until you are properly rigged out," continued my old school-fellow, "I know a Jew on the Hard, Levi Abraham, by name, who will tog you out in twenty-four hours, one day to try your uniform on, and then we'll join together. You would be nicely laughed at in that blue swallow-

tailed coat, which looks like a Commodore's pendant, that yellow waistcoat, a regular quarantine flag, and your red and white shawl, which reminds one of the Yankee stripes. You'll have to alter all that gear, before you go on board the 'Daring,' or they'll take you for a horse marine."

As, unfortunately, the temptation was great, and I "unstable as water," it did not require much more pressing to induce me to yield, and the only stipulation I made, was, that we should drive first to the Hard to order my kit, and then proceed to the fair. The chaise with my luggage was sent to the middies caravansery, and we proceeded towards the residence of the worthy or unworthy Israelite (as the case may be), the narrow escapes we had in our progress were miraculous, and proved the truth of the adage, that "nought is never in danger."

Upon turning out of the High Street, we "capsized" the stall of a wrathful old apple-woman; in crossing the first bridge we "fouled" the tin oven of a perambulating pieman; in passing the guard-house, we "ran down" a



child's carriage drawn by two goats; and in trotting along the Hard came "athwart hawse" of a brewer's dray, the men belonging to which were employed in drawing casks from the cellars of the "Jolly Tar" public house.

At last, we reached the door of Mr. Levi Abraham's celebrated emporium, where I was formally introduced to the proprietor.

There is a story told of one of his fraternity at Chatham, who prided himself upon being an universal outfitter, and who was never known to send a customer away, having as he always stated 'the article that would shuit a shentleman,' from a lucifer match box to a diamond necklace?

The above question was put to the test, by a wager being laid between two officers at the barracks, that one of the parties should ask for an article of home produce which the Jew would not be able to furnish.

The money being staked, and an umpire appointed, the persons interested in the bet, proceeded to Mr. Shadrack's shop.

"Any gold lace or epaulettes, gentlemen, to

dispose of?" inquired the Jew, "I shall be happy to give you the highest price for them."

"No, old fellow," responded a young ensign of the Line, "we are come here to buy, not to sell."

"I can accommodate you, gentlemen, I've every article here, or at my other establishment. Some beautiful Bandana's, the choicest Havannah cigars, a few splendid Persian rugs and carpets for your barrack-room, a set of waistcoat and shirt studs of diamonds and pearls, a unique old Meerschaum, a race glass, telescope, one of Barwise's best watches, and a few bottles of old Jamaica rum, which my father bought direct from a West Indian planter sixty years ago last January."

"A valuable assortment," proceeded the sub. "but there is an article I require, which I fear you have not in store."

"What is it, Captain?" eagerly inquired the dealer.

"A second-hand coffin," replied the ensign.

"Well, Captain, I don't happen to have one

here, but if you will take the trouble to walk to my other establishment at Strood, you'll find one. I came by it through a strange accident. Benjamin," he continued, addressing his shop-boy, "just step down to my brother Samuel, and say that two officers will call in about half an hour for a second-hand coffin, an elm one, be sure he lets them have it a bargain, as they are excellent customers."

As a matter of course, the wager was paid, as Mr. Samuel Shadrack would have undoubtedly procured the article, upon the hint thrown out by Benjamin. We have recorded this anecdote, because the establishment at the Hard to which we have referred, was not unlike that of Chatham, and when Mr. Abraham was informed that I was the son of Sir William Pembroke, about to join the 'Daring' frigate, he at once declared his ability to furnish me with every article I required, and which he insidiously pointed out would be a great personal advantage, as by purchasing all at one shop, he would be enabled to give me a most liberal discount "fifteen per

schent" for cash on delivery ; after the bill for my outfit had been paid by my father.

This suggestion I inwardly rejected with virtuous indignation, as among many follies and vices I could not lay overreaching to my account. Time will, I grieve to say, show that "conscience, thou straight-jacket of the soul," as Wolcott calls it, if not entirely seared, was partly hardened by evil example, and wild unprincipled companions.

"Why, what are you about, Percy ?" interrupted my school companion. "If you don't stow your jawing tacks, and give your red rag a holiday we shall never get to the fair."

"Here is a printed list of necessaries," said Mr. Abraham, "a chest, linen, portable washing stand."

"And a second-hand elm cof—" added the middy.

"O ! you are so jocose Mr. Purchas !" interrupted the tradesman, "undress uniform, gold laced cap."

"There that's enough, Abraham, turn out

my friend Pembroke in a proper manner ; but where's your master tailor ? ”

A bell was rang, and Mr. Barnet Abraham made his appearance ; and immediately began to take my measure.

“ Oh, this,” said Purchas, “ is what we should called at Doctor Burls, your Epicosme-calosomatist, which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, I translate body decorator, for tailor sounds common ; nor was my young classical companion very far out in his reckoning, for in these days of refinement, when butchers, dairymen, and donkey-men, are denominated purveyors of meat, cream, and asses milk ; when corn-cutters dignify themselves into Chiropodists and Pedicures ; when makers of squibs, crackers, and rockets, style themselves Pyrotechnists ; when tooth-drawing is described as Dental Surgery ; when hair-dressers, and barbers publish works on the Philosophy of the Growth of Hair, and announce, “ Heads decorated and chins surveyed ; ” when a female advertises herself as *épileuse des cheveux gris* ; when shops are

designated Repositories, Emporiums, Divans, Bazaars and Temples of Fancy; when Polytechnics, Pantehnicons and Panopticons flourish; when we hear of the Absolutorium Rectifier; the Exacuo and Metalometer Razor-strops; the Antigropolos boots; the Electro-magnetic turning Lathe; the Eukerogecion and Euxesis soaps; Ne-plus-ultra Needles; Odonto Dentrifice; Balm of Columbia; Diamine Ink; Photolypon Extinguisher; Oleum Pascens Oil; Yarabisca Balsam; Pannus Corium Boots and Shoes; Tous-les-Mois, or Thulema Grits; Rien qui manque Fish-sauce; Pot-dé-mille viandes for luncheons; Zoorzaka for the rheumatism; Fluid Renaissance for changing carroty and grey locks into luxuriant raven ringlets; when country gentlemen are denominated Squirearchy, shopkeepers the Capelocracy, and wealthy Millionaires the Capatilocracy; we strongly recommend some Neologist to coin a word for tailors (that is, if ours is not approved of), for artists of the class of Stulz, Cook, Haldane, &c., who work upon scientific principles, in contradistinction to that numerous host of snips

and botchers who realize Shakespeare's description :—

“ A sleeve ! 'tis like a demi cannon,  
What up and down, carv'd like an apple tart ;  
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.”

and who are only one shade removed from the ready-made “Reform your tailors,” and the “reach me down” repositories. While on the subject of Neologism, we sincerely hope that Chesterfield's advice to Doctor Johnson will be attended to ; and that an appendix to the great Lexicographer's work will be added, containing the polite, although not strictly grammatical, words and phrases ; on the principle of the “Dictionary” *Néologique à l'Usage des Beaux Esprits du Siècle*, among which I claim the honour of one pure one, for my friend Purchas, viz : the Epicosmecalosomatist. We have taken up a thread that lengthens as we unravel it ; so we must borrow Mr. Levi Abraham's shears, and “cut it.” The measurement having terminated, during which process, the wily Israelite had

administered a dose of "soft sawder," by declaring that my "chest was wonderfully broad," "my waist extremely small," and "the fall in my back perfectly astounding;" we entered the dog-cart, and by dint of a new whip, which Abraham "happened to have by him," and which he sold us (as) a bargain, whether critically or figuratively, we leave to the acute discrimination of the reader, proceeded rapidly on our expedition. During the drive, my companion enlightened me as to the characters of the officers of the 'Daring' in Charles Dibdin's words:—

"The Lieutenants, conceit are all wrapped in,  
The mids (present company excepted) scarcely merit  
their flip,  
Nor is there a swab, but the captain,  
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship."

He, however, added in a more serious strain, that Captain Sutherland was a strict disciplinarian, that he had mast-headed a young military officer, who was a passenger, for some irregularity, and that occasionally, the refractory



"reefers" were subjected to corporal punishment in the "skippers" cabin. While brooding over this unpleasant piece of information, we arrived within the precincts of the fair, and as it was the first I had ever seen, the effect produced upon my mind was startling; the booths extended more than half a mile, and were devoted to eating, drinking, and dancing. A large space was roped off as a race ground, so in addition to the usual fun of a fair, donkey and poney racing was added. What, however, delighted me most, was the area covered with gingerbread, and nut stalls, merry-go-rounds, E.O. tables, caravans of wild beasts, and theatres in their primitive Thespian state on waggons.

There, might be seen Mr. Gyngel's company of histrionics, who performed a melodrama, executed sundry comic songs, dances, and a pantomime, in the incredible short space of twelve minutes; there, too, was Signor Bianco on the tight-rope, who made a wonderful ascent through a blaze of rockets, and who drank off three glasses of wine while standing in an antepodean position. Nor were equestrian per-

formances wanting, for Mr. Woolford, from Astley's royal amphitheatre, advertised a troop of horses, the daring feats of whose riders had astounded every crowned head throughout Europe ; and Monsieur Briselair Franconi, from Paris, challenged the universal world to compete with his stud. The Norfolk giantess, the Sussex dwarf, a mermaid caught on the coast of Cornwall, the skeleton of a whale taken off the Land's End, two Siamese children, a family from Tahiti, an Indian warrior, and a family of squaws from the banks of the Mississippi, a female with capillary ornaments on her cheeks and lips, that would do credit to a Sultan, a lady with six feet fingers, as an Italian countess called her *doigts du pied*, all held up their attractive boards, while pugilists, conjurors, gamblers, and fortune-tellers, called upon the enlightened British public to support native talent ; vendors of eel pies and 'pologne sausages,' purveyors of gilded gingerbread and spicy cakes, dealers in wooden woolly lambs, with pink ribbons round their necks, speculators with lucky lottery bags, all prizes and no blanks,

keepers of targets, where, "for the small charge of one penny," a gentleman sportsman might win from ten to a hundred nuts; owners of pea and thimble tables, all congregated to take part in the bustling scene.

Having put up the tandem at a booth devoted to "entertainments for man and beast," we refreshed the inward man, and strolled into the fair, when, among the most discordant notes of confusion, one cry attracted our attention.

"Here's a card and a sheet list of the races, names, weights, plates, and colours of the horses and riders."

We purchased one, and found that, in two races out of the three, there was a post entrance.

"What's this?" said Purchas, "two sweepstakes of half a sovereign each, with two added; the owner of the second horse to save his stake. Weight for age, three years old, seven stone; four years old, seven stone ten pounds; five years old, eight stone seven pounds; six and aged nine stone. Mares and geldings allowed three pounds. Why, that will just suit our

team ; the chesnut leader is only three year old, and the wheeler four."

"What can you mean?" I responded.

"Why, that you should pilot the chestnut, and I the brown ; but, in the meantime, I'll run and stop their water."

Upon the return of my companion, I found that he was in earnest ; and, as I had always a sporting turn, he easily prevailed upon me to enter into the speculation ; we, therefore, lost no time in proceeding to a small temporary stand, the under part of which was used as the weighing place, and where the clerk of the course attended to receive the nominations. Before entering the horses, I suggested to my new ally the propriety of looking at those who were to contend against us, and which were being led about in the rear of the booths ; the string consisted of three miserable animals, which reminded one of the *morti cavalli* of Naples, who if not purchased from the knacker's yard, were likely soon to end their days there.

"All right," said Purchas, "we can carry off

both the sweepstakes ; I never saw three such rips in my life."

Although not quite so sanguine as the middy, I could not help feeling that our chance was a good one ; and we returned to the stand, and quickly wrote down, Mr. Pembroke's mare, Mary, three years old, and Mr. Purchas' br. g., Daring. Our next thought was to borrow two light saddles and bridles, which we did from the ostler, where our steeds stood ; and, in less than a quarter of an hour, were ready for a start. I had almost forgotten to add that Edward had borrowed a pair of top-boots, spurs, whip, and blue jacket from a post-boy, while I contented myself with an ash-plant, yellow body and white (shirt) sleeves. As I was on the light weight, it was agreed that I should make the running without upsetting my horse, and should we be able to choke the others off, then to give our nags a pull, and come in first and second ; the result proved even more satisfactory than we had anticipated : for, in less than half a mile, two out of three of my competitors came to a stand-still, and the remaining one was beginning

to puff and blow like a porpoise ; so that all Edward and myself had to do, was to remain quiet, and come in neck and neck, he winning, as the judge declared, by a nose, distancing the poor, broken-winded animal. The next race came off in the same way ; but, as the article expressed that three horses were to start, or the public money would not be given, we were compelled to bribe the owner of a ' fly ' to run his Rosinante, so the amount of our winnings was reduced to one sovereign, which, in addition to the first race, made a total of four pounds clear, after paying five shillings to the clerk of the course, and the same sum for the loan of the two saddles and bridles.

With this fund in hand, we were enabled to join in all the amusements of the fair ; and truly fortunate was it that we had met with this windfall ; for, without it, we should probably have been compelled to pawn the tandem.

Edward, with the proverbial recklessness of a sailor, had only a few shillings in his pocket ; and all I could contribute to the general stock was two sovereigns, the greatest part

of which had been paid for our entrances to the sweepstakes.

There was not a 'lark' we did not indulge in, from a penny swing to a box ticket for Mr. Gyngel's theatre ; but, as it was getting dusk, and I had some misgiving that the 'high met-tled racers' would make severe running down Portsdown Hill, I suggested that we should return. My companion, however, elated by our winnings, and excited by sundry glasses of cherry-brandy, and shrub, declared he would see the fun out ; and that after dark the real lief began.

To attempt to reason successfully with a wild youth, "two sheets in the wind," as he would have called it, was futile ; and as the only alternatives left me, were to leave my friend in a state in which he could scarcely take care of himself, or to yield to his solicitations, I adopted the latter, much against my inclinations, as I had faithfully promised my mother to write to her, on my arrival at Portsmouth.

"And now, Arthur," said Purchas, "it's high time to 'splice the main brace,' for race-riding

and walking about have made me as hungry as a hawk, let us look out for a booth, there, that looks a likely one, "the Saucy Arethusa," we entered the wooden walls of this temporary tavern, where the sign of that ship, famed in song, swung from a cross beam.

"What can we have immediately?" enquired my companion from the landlady, a fat, coarse, bustling woman.

"A nice round of biled beef, pigeon pie, filet of veal, fowl and ham," but the representative of the saucy craft did not wait for an answer, for having given her bill of fare in a parrot like manner, she was too much occupied with dispensing eatables and *buvables*, receiving money, and watching her customers, to pay much attention to two striplings, however much they might have thought of themselves. Mrs. Groombridge, so the lady was called, kept up a running accompaniment, nearly as follows: "One ox, two mocks, and a giblet for the gents number one table—a glass of "hot with" for the lady, and two goes of brandy number two—here's your change, sir. A bottle of shrub,



a tray, half-a-dozen glasses, and some biscuits for the party of ladies in the green landau, take the money and a deposit. Two pots of stout, and a pint of pale ale—where's the corkscrew, Sam? Sarah take for the three teas—and be sure them three glasses of "bitters" don't go away without paying. We don't draw under three penny worth—sixpence, sir, two cigars and a box of fusees."

A temporary pause enabled Purchas to get in a word edgeways, and having told Sarah, the barmaid, whom he chucked under the chin, that she was a perfect divinity, requested that blooming Hebe to prepare a bowl of gin punch, and turning to the landlady, ordered fowl and tongue for two.

"Slice of beef, sir, cut with an hammy knife for to give it a flavour?" persevered Mrs. Groombridge.

"No none of your briny, it savours too much of our junk on board ship—a fowl, some tongue, and a fresh salad."

Whether the allusion to the ship had brought reminiscences in the breast of the

landlady, the widow of a coxswain, who had been killed during the bombardment of Algiers under Lord Exmouth, we know not, but unquestionably her manner softened down, and seeing the naval button on my friend's jacket, she addressed us as young gentlemen, requesting we would walk into the bar, where we should be out of the crowd, and enjoy our meal with more comfort. Part of the above mentioned "sanctum" had been screened off, and behind it our dinner was prepared, Sarah having received especial instructions to lay a clean table cloth, and to provide us with the best of everything. During the above colloquy, I had asked for a sheet of paper, and a pen and ink, but the stationary department was evidently very defective, I, however, at last succeeded in getting what I required, Mrs. Groombridge having sent out for the above, and I sat down to write a few lines to my mother. It was with a heavy heart, and an aching brow, for my conscience was ill at ease, that I took up my pen, to address one, whose kindness to me during

my boyhood, was only equalled by her tender undeviating affection during infancy, and what was I about to do! to deceive that fond and doating parent, by leading her to suppose I was quietly and respectably lodged at the George Hotel, Portsmouth, when I was mixing in every species of depravity, and associating with the basest of mankind, the outpourings and scum of maritime towns, and the usual frequenters of fairs and races, whose thoughts seemed to be entirely engrossed with vice, profligacy, gambling, cheating, drunkenness and sensuality, and whose deeds would not have stopped short of murder to have gained any desired object. I was awoke from my reverie, by the voice of my companion, who had commenced an attack upon the fowls. I therefore penned merely a few lines, saying I had reached Portsmouth in safety, where I had met my old-school-fellow Edward Purchas, that I had ordered my "kit," and would write further particulars in a few days; sealing this precious epistle, which I still felt teemed with falsehood, for I had not forgotten the remark

of Bishop Williams, one of my daily studies at home, that "equivocation is as bad as lying to all intents and purposes," I entrusted it to the landlady, who promised to send her son with it to the nearest post-office.

Having thus far got rid of one weight which oppressed me, for silence would have made my mother wretched, I joined my friend, and in his merry and reckless society soon forgot all except the present moment. There are few more insidious beverages than iced gin punch, the fragrant odour of the juniper berry, the sweet scent of the lemon peel, the palatable taste of the sugar, the delicious freshness of the water, all combine to produce a nectar, worthy the hospitable board of

"Jove, in the chair,  
Of the skies Lord Mayor."

as alluded to in that *chef-d'œuvre* of ballad burlettas Midas. No wonder then that a youth in his fifteenth year should feel the effect of that potent mixture, an effect which without being a drunkard, or one whose bibacious pro-

pensities would prevent his replying in the affirmative to that stringent Life Insurance question, "is the party in question of sober and temperate habits?" I must, in truthfulness own, has occasionally been produced in after life, not at hard drinking meetings, where one is obliged to follow the old proverb: "Quando siamo in Roma, facciamo come fanno in Roma;" but quietly over a cigar with a friend or two on a summer's evening, when excess was never dreamt of. To describe the state I found myself in, behind the bar of the 'Arethusa,' would require the pen of a writer well versed in the different gradations of inebriety, and assuredly none of the usual terms applied to the followers of Bacchus, or to those who indulge in the more pernicious system of dram drinking, would be applicable to my case. I was not exactly "fresh," "inebriated," "intoxicated," or "incapable of taking care of myself," nor was I in the same category, with that heterogeneous mass, to whom the honorable distinction is awarded, drunk as a "fiddler," "Jacob's sow," "a trooper" "a Lord," or Horace's young and

tender love "Cloe," my feeling, for I remember it to the present day, was one of joyous hilarity, my heart expanded, and my spirits were raised to the highest possible pitch; ready, as my companion remarked, for any fun "from a Quaker's marriage to a nigger's dance." It would be a needless lengthening of this chapter were I to record all that took place on that memorable night, nor would it prove very edifying to the reader, suffice it to say, twelve o'clock struck before we had finished sight seeing.

"What a splendid moon!" exclaimed Edward, "we shall have a beautiful drive, but where's the stable, it was somewhere hereabouts."

"It's the next one," I responded, sobered down by the freshness of the air, "I remember the sign the 'Green Man.'"

"Why, they are all asleep," proceeded Purchas, trying to make his entrance through an opening in the canvas walls.

"Who's there?" cried a stentorian voice from within.

"We only want our tandem," I replied.

"I wish you may get it—no horses taken in

or out after midnight, and listen to my advice young gentlemen," continued the proprietor of the 'Green Man,' "my bull dog 'Venom' is unchained, and if you trespass on his property, he will probably pin you in a way that will save you the trouble of driving home in the morning," the growl of the above mentioned four footed guardian, warned us of our danger, and we lost no time in returning to Mrs. Groombridge's, where we were in hopes of procuring a cart, or some other vehicle to convey us to Portsmouth. What then was our surprise upon reaching the caravansery, to find it brilliantly illuminated without and within while the notes of two squeaking fiddles, a spasmodic clarionet, and a twanging harp, showed that dancing was going on.

"Here's fun!" shouted Purchas, "a three-penny hop, what a lark!"

"Pay here gents," cried a man who stood at the entrance. "Refreshment tickets sixpence each, ladies half price."

We paid the amount, entered the ball-room; when a scene presented itself that baffles all

description. The tables in the centre of the temporary room had been removed, and benches placed all around it, three large tin chandeliers filled with 'long-fours' of tallow, hung from the roof, and the band were raised on a platform formed by rough deal boards, extended across three large beer barrels; the bar was laid out with more substantial fare, than is usually to be seen at public balls, and there was a department devoted to pipes, screws of tobacco, and every exciseable spirit, from home made gin to West Indian arrack. Mrs. Groombridge still in weeds and sables presided over the whole, ably supported by Miss Sarah Lovegrove, commonly called "Sare," the waiter, pot-boy, and two or three additional helps. The company consisted of a most mixed character, fortune-tellers, gipsies, race card-vendors, stall-keepers, country girls, servant maids, *solicitors* and *special* pleaders, in the shape of soldiers, who had never heard a shot fired, and sailors who had never ploughed the ocean; the halt, the maimed, the blind, the fatherless, the motherless, widows, orphans, babes in arms, organ players, strolling performers, per-



ambulating musicians, beggars, tramps, horse-keepers, acrobats, cads, touters, cadgers, prize fighters, pick-pockets, fly drivers, tight rope dancers, orangewomen, fish wives, and flower girls. Two youths in flesh coloured tights, and spangled vests, partly hid under the folds of their loose great coats, acted as the masters of the ceremonies, while a middle aged man, the clown of the ring, with sunken eyes, discoloured broken teeth, and lank cheeks, who looked twenty years older than he really was, kept a space clear for the dancers, by dexterously swinging a ball attached to a rope against the pressing crowd.

"Take your partners gents," exclaimed the highly rouged, well oiled, curled acrobats, "room for a country-dance. Musicianers, strike up 'The wind that blows the barley, oh.'"

"Keep a space open to the bar," said the landlady having an eye to business, "there will be time for refreshment before the dance commences." Upon this hint we approached the proprietress, who in a low voice warned us to take care of our pockets.

"If you will hand me your watches," she continued, "I will take charge of them until the morning." We thanked her, and took advantage of the offer.

"Is there no possibility of hiring some sort of a vehicle to convey us to Portsmouth?" I enquired.

"None," she responded, "besides it would be dangerous at this late hour, but if you will put up with a make shift, I can lay down a mattress behind the screen, which with my poor departed Tom's pilot coat will make you tolerably comfortable;" our gratitude was unbounded, and having dropped our upper garments, and drank a glass of negus each, joined the group.

"Allow me to have the pleasure of dancing the next set with you," said Edward, addressing a blooming damsel, whose daily avocation was to dispense spirituous liquors at a neighbouring booth.

"You're very perlite," responded the barmaid, whose beauty reminded one of the heroine of the sea-song.

“There was no want of lily, nor ruby, nor jet,  
But the jet was her teeth in irregular rows,  
Her lips were the lily, the ruby, her nose.”

“And won’t you take a partner, young reefer?” said a light-hearted lass, in the muscle, cockle, and perriwinkle line, who, as far as good looks went, was a Southern coast “Christie Johnstone.”

“I shall be delighted,” I responded.

We stood up, and humble, nay low, as were the votaries of Terpsichore at this rural Almacks, never was there a more merry-hearted or light-heeled party assembled; as for the dancing, “oh! *parlez moi, Dolly, de ça*,” we quote Anacreon Moore—it was wonderful, no walking, no gliding through a figure, but downright “light fantastic toe” work, double shuffle, and clapping of hands. The waltz and quadrille were, of course, unknown, but the good old English country dance, the Irish jig, the Scotch reel, were seen to perfection; then the hilarity of the refreshment tables, where, in lieu of weak tea, thin bread and butter, diminutive cakes, acid lemonade, tasteless orgeat, tepid negus,

chicken, ham, beef, salad, sandwiches, sour oranges, and saccharine jellies ; we had substantial cold joints, savoury pies, excellent bread and cheese, first-rate porter and ale, brandy, Hollands, bitters, shrub, cherry bounce, purl and punch. Smoking not quite so popular in this country at that period, as it is at present, was carried on in a manner that would have delighted Sir Walter Raleigh, the original introducer of "sublime tobacco" into these realms, and many a fair fish fag, indulged in the nicotian weed, from Virginian "Returns," to home made "Birds-eye."

It was a very late hour in the morning, before the party indicated any signs of retiring, at length, one by one they fell off, the musicians got drowsy, and the landlady ordered the bar to be closed. . . .

Here and there a straggling individual might be seen fast asleep on a form, while a few incapable of taking care of themselves, were huddled together under the tables, victims to the potations in which they had indulged. Many who left the booth, had not a place to

lay their heads down upon, save under a hedge in the open air, exposed to the inclemency of a raw easterly wind. One family, consisting of a raw-boned Irishman, his wife, and a miserable-looking urchin, were the last to leave, the parents had evidently kept up their blood to fever heat, by copious draughts of Potts, while that of their half-starved offspring was below zero; the piteous look the latter gave me, as his father in a gruff tone told him to borrow a bundle of straw, or else he would have to make the damp earth his bed, quite went to my heart, and I urged Mrs. Groombridge to allow him a night's shelter under her roof.

"Why, Jerry, you don't look well," she responded.

"Faith, I should belie my feelings if I did," replied the youth, who despite of his careworn countenance, his pallid cheek, and sunken eye, shewed an intelligence and quickness, which proved he was no degenerate son of the Emerald Isle.

"And is not your father kind to you?" I asked.

"Arrah, yer honour, I never speak ill of my kith and kin, besides, barring the drink, he's all I could wish."

"There, Jerry, you can wrap yourself up in that blanket," said the hostess, "and that corn-sack will make you a capital pillow. This glass of hot whiskey and water—why there's scarcely a drop of water left in the kettle—will warm you."

"Thank ye, Missus—but don't give yourself the trouble to mix it—if you drain the kettle, and Sarah puts it on the fire, it will make a hole in it."

So raising the glass of pure spirits to his mouth, after pledging our healths, he drank it off.

We shortly afterwards retired to our respective berths, and were soon in a profound sleep. My slumbers were at first disturbed by a succession of fanciful dreams, followed by the most frightful nightmare, Pembroke Abbey, my departure, the tandem drive, my jockeyship, the sights of the fair, the ball, Jerry and his rueful countenance, all flitted across me, then

a heavy weight seemed to oppress my chest, a hideous phantom appeared, it grasped me by the throat, it led me to the brink of a precipice, a sudden light burst forth, a shriek as of one in agony succeeded, I started up, and rubbing off the mist that veiled my eyes, I found the vagrant boy, armed with a huge bludgeon, standing in an attitude of defence between me and a ruffian-looking tramp, who I had noticed during the course of the evening, paying particular attention to my watch, when he repeatedly asked me to tell him the hour.

"Why, you need not look so savage, Jerry, or threaten violence," said the man, whose name I afterwards heard, was Dan Haggerty, and who shortly afterwards expiated his crimes at the Old Bailey for murder, "if I had known you had undertaken the job, I should not have interfered—there's honour among—" this trite saying was interrupted by the loud voice of Mrs. Groombridge, threatening immediate expulsion to those who disturbed the comforts of her guests.

"I don't stand no nonsense in this 'ere

booth," said the widow, in a tone which carried due effect with it, for the intruder suddenly crossed over to the form he had left, and my deliverer turning to me, said:

"It's only a drunken man, but he'll not trouble us again."

And so far the above proved to be true, for we heard no more of the tramp, who decamped at an early hour of the morning, and it was then we were informed that he had attempted to rob both Purchas and myself of our money and watches, which he was not aware had been deposited in the safe keeping of our hostess; fortunately for us, Jerry (as the saying goes) "slept with one eye open," and upon hearing the approach of the robber, had armed himself, ready to sell his life in our defence.

This noble feeling was not appreciated by Haggerty, who told all his companions, that the young "kinchin" had planned and perpetrated a most dexterous "dodge," and that



he had eased two young "middies" of lots of cash and their watches.

Such was the report made to us, when, seated by a blazing wood fire, over which was suspended a cauldron of hot coffee, we were enjoying our matutinal meal, consisting of eggs, fresh from the neighbouring poultry-yard, fried ham, grilled pork, and most unfashionably cut bread and butter.

Our first thought was to attempt to reform the youth, but in touching delicately upon the subject, we soon found that it would be labour in vain; all he urged us to do, was to see and propitiate his father, whom he had resolutely determined to leave. To this we consented, as also to another request, that we should convey him secretly to Portsmouth, from whence he hoped to baffle all pursuit.

This latter precaution was, however, unnecessary, as, when we spoke to the parents, who had always found their son a fractious youth, they at once released him from all

ties of nature and duty, declaring that they had found him under a hedge at Fairlop Fair, and adopting the plan carried out at workhouses, of naming a foundling after the place he is discovered in, had called him Fairlop, adding Jerry out of compliment to the celebrated Abershaw, who had been a great ally of the character we were treating with.

After concluding this negotiation, which was gratefully acknowledged by Fairlop, we proceeded to order our tandem to be got ready, and on our way, we will digress for a moment on the nomenclature we have alluded to—it was only a few days ago that I visited the St. George's workhouse (would that the authorities would get rid of that truly unpopular name, and call it "home for the destitute and unfortunate") and upon entering the juvenile department of that admirably arranged establishment, I was shown two or three foundlings, who were called "Mount," "Pembroke," and "Bruton," from

having been left in the street and mews of the above places.

“How strange a custom,” thought I, “no wonder then, that we find the most aristocratic names among the humblest classes. If a poor, forsaken infant is deserted in parts of the neighbourhood of May-fair, or Grosvenor Square, a noble name is attached to him or her, Curzon, Chesterfield, Berkeley, Audley, Hertford, Grafton, or Albemarle; while in the same district, the more plebeian title of Down, Davies, Shepherd, Engine, Air, Piccadilly, Ducking Pond, may be given. In other parts of the metropolis, a workhouse may receive a Marlborough, a Wellington, and a Monmouth, a Cowcross, a Billingsgate, and an Addle. Nay, even a King William, Queen Anne, and a Regent.” We have digressed, and will now resume our adventures.

Upon reaching the stables, the ostler informed us that the owner of the tandem had insisted upon having it given over to him, as it had been let to some “soldier

officers," and that he had fully depended upon our return the previous night; this information gratified my companion, who wished to pass another day at the fair, but it required much to persuade me to remain with him, as I felt I had sadly broken down in duty to my kind and indulgent parents; the old and specious argument was brought forward, and finally succeeded, namely, an appeal to my good-nature not to leave "a friend in the lurch."

As the owner of the vehicle had been compelled to pay for the keep of the horses before he had taken them away, we found ourselves richer than we expected by some shillings; the ostler tried on a "dodge" with us, declaring that he had received nothing beyond a compliment for himself; but the wary Jerry, who had gone at an early hour to see that all was safe, bore witness to the fact of the keep having been paid, and as the man of oats had stated he had been rewarded, we (despite of much

grumbling, in which the words "scaly waga-bonds" were audible) escaped from the fangs of the extortioner.

The second day passed as the first, in dissipation and revelry, but, despite of my exertions to appear gay, I was heavy at heart. "Conscience," as Corporal Trim declared in the sermon he read to the somewhat drowsy Dr. Slop, "led me a troublesome life, and I had 'no rest night or day from its reproaches.'"

The greatest dread I underwent, was that Purchas would get so infatuated with the fun, as he called it, of the respective shows, that we should pass another night in this scene of iniquity, and the pressing invitations of some of his partners at the ball were beginning to produce an effect, when a trifling circumstance completely changed the current of his thoughts. This was nothing but the sight of a play-bill, announcing a performance at the Portsmouth Theatre.

"Well, Arthur," he remarked, "I think we

have had nearly enough of Portsdown, what say you to returning."

"I shall be delighted," replied I, "and Jerry had better procure us a fly."

Our messenger was despatched, and in a few minutes he returned with a vehicle, he having previously made a bargain with the driver to convey us to the town for five shillings, the usual charge upon such occasions being a sovereign. Our messenger hung on behind, but greatly to our surprise, was nowhere to be found when we entered Portsea.

"We must have a snack," said Purchas, "before we go to the play, and as I may be ordered on board, if I am found on shore, we had better see what the landlord of the 'Coach and Horses' can do for us."

"Agreed," I responded.

So descending from the vehicle, we ordered that naval luxury, a boiled leg of pork ; after partaking of this delicacy, we proceeded to the theatre and took up our stations in the slips,

where we followed the custom then in fashion, of talking loud, vociferously encoring every song and dance, eating oranges, throwing the peel on the stage, or into the pit, drinking spruce beer, and making ourselves so thoroughly disagreeable, that the people in the gallery cried out, "shame," and recommended a summary process of ejecting us, that of "throwing them over."

It was late before the performance concluded, and despite of all entreaties, I declined accompanying my companion to the "Blue Posts," being jaded in mind and body, and, moreover, I was extremely anxious to ascertain if any letters from home awaited me at the 'George.' Taking leave of Purchas in the High Street, who made me promise that I would breakfast with him the following morning, previous to trying on my uniform, and going on board, I entered the hotel, and the first object that met my eye, was a letter franked by my father, and directed to me.

"Can I have a bed?" I inquired.

"Yes, Sir," responded the landlady, "we partly expected you, as your boxes were left here yesterday, and the post-boy said you were only gone to take a drive with a friend."

Taking the letter, with a trembling hand and palpitating heart, I followed the chambermaid, who was told to show me to number sixty-four; and, after going up one or two flights of stairs, passing along narrow passages, we reached the dormitory appropriated to me.

There, having requested that I might be called at eight o'clock, I gave way to a train of reflections, which so absorbed every feeling, that I allowed the letter to remain unopened for some minutes in my hand. Suddenly, I broke the seal, which I recognised as one my mother had ordered for me, but which had not been returned from the engraver's previous to my leaving the Abbey. It bore the impression of a horse in full action, with the motto '*fier mais sensible*,' a character my fond parent had trusted I should prove—



Alas ! what bitter irony did'the words convey. "proud but sensible"—after the orgies I had taken part in ! Nothing could exceed the affectionate strain in which my mother addressed me ; every kind word was wormwood to my soul, and fast-flowing bitter tears showed how deeply I felt the pangs of conscience. For some time I in vain tried to rouse myself from the state of almost hopeless despair my folly and vice had thrown me into ; at last, prayer came to my relief, for the first time, I grieve to add, since I left home, and I sought my pillow ; there, after tumbling and tossing about, during half the night, I fell into a light slumber, from which I was awoke by a tap at the door.

"Here's your hot water, Sir," said the chamber-maid, "and a letter that came last night, just after you went to bed ; I did not like to disturb you, young gentleman, you appeared so tired."

Thanking the woman for her consideration, I opened the precious epistle, which ran as follows :—

“ Blue Postesses,  
12 o’Clock, P.M.,

“ Dear Arthur,

“ Upon reaching the above—by the way, what a spooney you were not to come with me, for I would have introduced you to Jenkins, of the ‘Blake,’ and Simpson, of the ‘Billy-ruffian’—I found that orders had arrived from the Admiralty, that we were to sail at daylight; and the skipper had politely sent the master-at-arms with an instruction to bring me ‘willy nilly’ on board, so I am regularly pressed into the service. As I heard from George, the waiter, that our spree of yesterday was known to the first lieutenant, and no mention made of your being expected to join, I calculate (as the Yankees say) that your berth will be filled up with the son of old Blowhard, the Commodore, who is hand in glove with the nobs at the Admiralty. I will write to you from Gib, which we are to touch at. Let’s hear what’s going on in England; and, if you can make it right with the governor, get him to write a penitential letter

to the Captain, and join us on the first favourable occasion. Excuse pen, ink, and paper, for I write with a stump of a quill, with Day and Martin's blacking, instead of real Japan, and have been obliged to tear out the blank leaf of the Nautical Almanack, as the stationery is locked up in the bar. Good bye, old fellow, and believe me,

“Yours ever and truly,

“EDWARD PURCHAS.”

Before I had time to recover from my surprise, the door opened, and my father stood before me.

END OF VOL I.

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